

CAVALCADE

JULY 1st



THE SANDS OF *death* —PAGE 16

BABIES ON THE BLACK —PAGE 62

Cavalcade

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The skull of Olmington rolled about inside the salvaged diving helmet



WEALTH AND DANGER UNDERSEA

FRANK CLUNE

I WENT to Broomes for the only
which reserves a writer has for
going somewhere—to get a story. I got
stories. To paraphrase Hamza Polster-
son, the pearl diver's life has adventures
that the jewelers never knew
and you can't sit around Broomes for
an hour without hearing some truth
which, if not stranger than fiction, is
a damned sight more interesting.

Chase was still a good name in
Broomes and was reappeared passed
me on to the next. I got passed in due
course to Ted Norman. His full name

is Edgar de Banzh Norman, son of
Hugh Norman, pioneer Master Pearler
of Broomes.

Ted was born at Glenville, New
South Wales, in the year 1891.

In 1913, Ted Norman, then eighteen
years of age, arrived in Broomes to
help his father, who was already
pearling, and has been his home-town
ever since.

Ted Norman wasn't a "versatile
pearler." He went out with the
luggies. He used to make trips to
Koopang in Timor, six hundred miles

away, to recruit crews for the lugger.

In December, 1903, he was returning from Kiangsu as the schooner "Miao" with twenty-six Kiangsuers on board. They ran into a north-west gale which increased to a hurricane blow. The Kiangsuers had to be belted below for four days, while the schooner was tossed about by tremendous waves, which washed right over the deck.

The worst hurricane in Broom's history was in the year 1871, when scores of luggers were wrecked, and over 300 men lost their lives. Another bad one was in 1898, when 150 lives were lost. These hurricanes—also known as "Willy-Willies"—blow up very suddenly, during the Moonsoon season from December to March. Nowadays, pearling is practically abandoned during this season, and the luggers stay in port—but they had to leave from sad experience.

Ted Norman recounted with the peering-fret for four years. When World War the First started, he enlisted in the A.I.F. and saw four years' service abroad, was wounded in action, and didn't get back to Broom until 1923.

By this time, there were only 174 luggers at Broom. Prices of pearl-shell dropped to £200 a ton—the all-time high level. This boom didn't last long and eventually prices fell again to £150 a ton.

In 1901 there were only fifty-three working boats left in Broom, employing nine men a boat. They had no compass, instead of the old-fashioned sails, and could bring in three times as much shell as the old-fashioned luggers. That was the position when the Second World War started.

Ted Norman's firm had been connected with the pearling industry for sixty years—right through Broom's history. The biggest pearl they ever handled was sold in London for £2000. The largest pearl ever found in Western Australia was sold in

London for £25,000. It was found in the year 1925. Deapest diving done by Norman's men was forty-five fathoms.

Ted told me the story of Jacky Prier's pearl. Jacky was a corner worker in Broom. For many years he used a pearl-shell as a door-stop in his house. One day a friend picked up the door-stop and noticed a bluish in it. "Why don't you knock that blower out?" asked the friend.

Jacky took the shell to a Chinese pearl-cleaver named F. B. Elin, who cleaned the blower, and found it containing a pearl, which was sold for £200.

Captain Barthwell, who is one of the oldest and most interesting identities of the town, told me the story of a Japanese diver—by name, Otomatsu Tera—who was diving in shallow waters when his pipe-line and lifeline got entangled in a coral reef. His ropes worked desperately to the diver—but in vain—and he perished of suffocation on the sea-bed. That was in August, 1913.

A storm came, and blew the lugger away. His widow returned later, and searched for Otomatsu's body, but could not find it.

Seven years went by, and the incident was almost forgotten.

One day, in July, 1920, a Japanese lugger was working there, and two divers were together down below. They came across a helmet and a corals and boats.

Imagine the two divers standing there on the sea-floor, peering through the glass panes of their helmets, and conversing—as divers do—by means of signs.

They decided to advance this old diving-suit. One of them took up the boots and corded to the surface. Then the other picked up the helmet, and signalled to be hoisted up. While he was going up, with the helmet in his arms—there have to come up slowly, to adjust pressure—he peered through the plate-glass pane of the

salvaged helmet, and met the ghastly stare of a skull. It was the skull of Otomatsu, rolled about inside.

The diver was so surprised that he let the helmet fall from his grasp, and it sank again to the bottom of the sea. Nothing would persuade him to go down again in that place—or the other, diver either.

The incident explains why the Japanese divers objected to the burial of corpses at sea on the pearling-grounds in consequence of their protest, the custom grew up that luggers who had to go back to port whenever any member of the crew died at sea.

This might mean anything up to a week's sailing back to Broom, with a corpse on board—but it showed proper respect to the dead—even if it meant a big loss of time, and of business earned on output of the lugger.

Coverts can issue against him, and an insurance story is told against one insurance company. Not long ago an Australian pearling lugger was taken

to the pearling grounds of Trow, where it was taken in a storm. The owner collected on the insurance and the insurance company proceeded to salvage what it could of the wreck. The marine engine was still intact and the gear was also in good condition. However, by the time the insurance loss came on the scene, the natives of the locality had done a private job of salvaging on behalf of their chief, an astute individual so wise in the ways of white men as of colored.

After a deputation had returned with the chief a transcript that he was willing enough to give up the goods on consideration of being paid what he considered just recompense for the native labor he had supplied.

The salvagers commenced with their protests, who tried to come to terms, but the chief was adamant in his claims. The case became so involved that in the end the insurance company gave up. The chief remains in possession of the goods.



We have two suicides a day



The Anti-Suicide Bureau has prevented hundreds of people from taking their lives

DURING public holidays and festive seasons most public activities come to a standstill—including suicide. For although suicides take their lives at the rate of two a day throughout the Commonwealth, they do not usually pick the holiday seasons to end their lives.

This tends to reflect credence on the belief that mental depression is a man-made cause of people taking their own lives—but more explanation than that is necessary to understand some of the methods suicides adopt.

Of all the various ways of suicide

recorded in Australia none is stronger than this—

A fire brigade was called to a torch fire. As the flames died down, and the smoke began to clear, firemen saw the body of a woman lying in the smoldering undergrowth.

The police, when summoned, examined the body and the area through which the fire had swept. A short distance from the body was a methylated spirits bottle, and there was evidence that the spirits had been poured over the woman before the fire had been lit. In the woman's

mouth were the burnt remains of a man's handkerchief which had been used as a gag.

About the time the body was discovered, in another suburb a man, accompanied by his family doctor, was at the police station reporting the disappearance of his wife. She had left home at 9 o'clock to take her two children to school, and had not returned. They were still there when news came through of the discovery of the body.

The doctor hurried to the scene and identified the body as that of the missing woman. She had been a patient of his, a sufferer from a nervous condition.

Police inquiries disclosed that about a quarter of a mile from the fire, the deceased woman had purchased from a shop a quart bottle of methylated spirits. At another shop she had bought a box of matches.

The coroner found that the woman, with the intention of taking her life had set fire to her clothes after restraining them with methylated spirits, and that she had stuffed one of her husband's handkerchiefs into her mouth, presumably to prevent herself screaming.

She was in good financial circumstances, and without apparent cause for worry, but she suffered from fits of morbid depression and had made a previous attempt at suicide by drinking an excess of whisky.

This is one of the strongest cases of suicide recorded in Australia. Why should a woman committing suicide, have used such an elaborate and annoying method, and either deliberately or accidentally given the appearance of murder?

The suicide's state of mind is not a simple affair. Driven to that last desperate action, the brain becomes cruelly and sometimes cruel. There is the desire to hurt. A person committing suicide might satisfy this desire by killing himself in a violent manner.

or by arranging his death so as to cause mental or physical suffering to another person.

There have been many cases of suicide which have obviously been intended to look like murder. In other instances, notes have been left behind with an element of spite in their "Now you'll be sorry" tone, or harshly accusing someone for the suicide.

Statistics show that the number of people committing suicide in Australia is growing every year. In 1941, 376 men and 348 women took their lives. In 1942, there were 382 men and 375 women, and in 1943, the last published figures for the Commonwealth, 385 men and 353 women. Almost half of these suicides have occurred in New South Wales, where there has been a yearly increase from 185 men and 146 women in 1941 to 225 men and 97 women in 1947.

Major Ernest Pentecost, chief commander of the Salvation Army Anti-Suicide Bureau in Sydney, considers that the increase in suicides over the past six years is due to the heavy cross of war strains.

The Anti-Suicide Bureau and Council Clinic was established twenty years ago when even the early effects of the depression resulted in a large number of suicides. Since then it has been open constantly and the Salvation Army believes it has prevented hundreds of people from taking their fatal step.

Men and women suffering from almost weary fatigue or hopeless have gone to the Clinic for consolation, encouragement and advice. Discussing their problems brings relief—and in most cases, a determination to overcome their difficulties—and that final despair, which so often has tragic consequences, is averted.

Major Pentecost has found that people who openly recognize their intention of ending, rarely carry out their threat. One man recently confided him in his office, weeping a

MAKE YOUR PROTEST TO THE UNPIKE!

Whatever they try to notan-
cize
Or someone in only was
Always awakes most troubled
Gies
From these both near and far
away—
And yet this record never
shows
That anyone recalls or knows
Of demonstrations, words or
blows
About notanalsina a holiday!
—Mocklaga

lets revolver and declaring he was about to shoot himself. He stood in silence when the Major sat back in his chair and smiled.

"Don't you think I would kill myself?" the man asked.

"No," the Major said quietly. Ten minutes later the man left his office rather sheepishly, after having admitted he had really had no intention of pulling the trigger.

Anti-Suicide committees and the police agree that suicides occur in waves or groups. If there are two or three suicides in the city, they are usually followed by several more. During war, depressions or strikes they must be watched far, but it is difficult to account for groups of suicides in normal times.

When the Sydney Harbour Bridge was first opened, 32 people jumped to their death before the safety fences were built. In one long stretch of popularity for leaping from that spot on the cliffs at Watson's Bay, known as The Gap, more than forty people were killed on the rocks.

During holiday and festive periods, there is usually an absence of suicides, but it is noticeable that immediately

following these periods, suicides frequently occur.

More men commit suicide than do women. It is believed that this may be because women have a greater mental stability when faced with disaster than do men.

Domestic or marital problems are the greatest cause for women suiciding, followed difficulty for men. Men who have been gambling or embezzling their employer's money often take what they consider to be "the easy way out." Others facing bankruptcy, commit suicide that their wives may collect insurance and not share their disgrace.

But many men who have taken out large policies on their lives and then committed suicide, have overlooked the fact that an insurance company is not bound to pay out on a suicide unless the policy has been in operation at least thirteen months.

A suicidal tendency is considered by insurance companies to be hereditary. To cover this additional risk, people desiring to take out life policies, must pay a slightly increased premium should either or both of their parents have committed suicide.

Even in a state of mental disturbance, suicide demands courage and many people change their minds at the moment of committing the act. When the police find a man with his throat cut, they are usually able to distinguish suicide from murder by the shallow, horizontal cuts on his neck, which they call "hesitation marks." These marks are made while the suicide's courage is being gathered for the final stroke.

People who climb bridges or high buildings, are often seen wandering about hesitantly before they either jump or yell.

A person who runs into the sea with the intention of drowning, almost invariably comes out again after experiencing the shock of the cold water. Doctors say the sudden plunge

into the water has the same effect on the brain as a "dose" of the shock treatment that is now used for mental disorders. In the same way, most people who suicide are believed to regret their action as they experience the shock of falling through the air, or of a nose bleeding their veins.

Few people who attempt suicide unsuccessfully once, try it again. If they do, they are usually committed to a mental asylum. But a charge can be laid against a person making even a first attempt at suicide and a prison sentence may be levied.

Although gas ovens and buses are the most used methods of suicide, the police in Australia have had to deal with self-inflicted death by almost every means possible.

Gas and sleeping tablets are used mostly by women, but hanging by rope or brass is employed almost as much as race-slashing by men. Love, which causes a particularly violent and torturous death, has been witnessed by many people in the last ten years.

One of the quickest-acting and deadliest poisons, cyanide, which heads the list for suicide by both men and women in European countries, has rarely been used in Australia.

Sufficient cyanide to cause instant death costs only the equivalent of eighteen pence in Germany and France at the present time, and it can be held in a capsule small enough to fit into the cavity of a tooth. This was the poison which Goering and other high-ranking Nazi officers successfully concealed on their persons and used to take their lives rather than face the hangman. It is believed also that Secret Service Police in almost every country enjoy cyanide capsules for use in the event of torture being employed to make them talk.

Psychologists say that a number of people commit suicide from a feeling of self-pity, or from a mislead-

them for society, and that they brood with satisfaction on the effect their death will have on the community.

But in their unbalanced mental state, these people forget that the sympathy and pity they crave can be of no use to them after death. They may cause sorrow to others by their action, but these wounds will heal, and it is true that dead souls are soon forgotten.

It is not unusual for a suicide to dispose before taking a fatal leap, and when a pile of clothes, perhaps neatly folded, will be the first indication of suicide—almost certainly a sign of mental derangement at the time of the fatal act. Yet in very few cases is a suicide completely sane. Self preservation is the strongest natural instinct and it would be a great feat or a great privilege that could overcome it in the majority of



THREE HOOTS FOR THE REFEREE



You may hoot the referee but chances are he won't even hear you

HILL OSLANY

If you happen to be passing Sydney Stadium about 115, Monday nights, pause in your stroll and hearken. There is quite a chance that above the buzz of the fans inside the edifice you will hear the alien sound of varied harmony.

It will be a section of the blather-fest-known to the few as "The Bar-reviewer"—paying tribute to their favorite villain, the arbitrar Joe Wallick. The tune will be "Old Black Joe," but the lyric is paraphrased so that the opening line is "Poor Old Joe." The palm-beat Wallick never, by word, wave or action, acknowledges the welcome, which is in-

variably accompanied by the traditional storm of boisterous reserved for referees the world over.

In fact, Joe's face has been recognized to register confusion on but three occasions in 35 years' time when a French fighter, fortified by the champagne then used to pour over boxer's heads, rose from his corner to sing "La Marseillaise"; again when a blatherite beseeched the management to turn out the lights because two fighters wanted to be alone—and another voiced the suggestion "because he was reading a book"; and the other occasion was the epic night when, after a bout of sickness, Joe slashed

into the ring to the accompaniment of a storm of cheers led by "The Bar-reviewer."

So, perhaps, Joe Wallick is beloved by the fans after all.

"Refereeing is a serious business," said Wallick to the writer, "and from the moment a fight starts, I have to concentrate every faculty on the job. As a result, I am oblivious to every sound not connected with my job—and it may be of interest to those journalists who reader apoplexy regarding my conduct of a fight that I really do not hear their comments."
—A statement that must disappoint the customers who believe that a referee, like a flycatcher, bleeds when pricked. The plain truth is that after 35,000 fights, the construction of Australia's most famous referee has been blunted.

There is no record that the Australian referee has ever become so gently involved with a boxer to the extent of finding himself on the wrong end of a punch, although he has, on occasion, had to accept verbal attack from a disgruntled pupil.

The domination of boxing, as a referee, been knocked out by a boxer belongs, to my knowledge, to only one man, a fellow named Jerry Walker who last year tried to separate Mike de Cossue and Lancelo Boston during a bout at Newark, New Jersey. It was unfortunate for Mr. Walker that he attempted to break the men just as Boston was throwing a wild punch. The blow missed de Cossue and landed karapunk on Mr. Walker's chin.

The bout had thus reached its last seconds, and it is a tribute to the fish-headedness of Walker that on recovering consciousness, he awarded the verdict to Boston.

Most of Australia's best-known referees—Wallick, Harry Meek, Terry Kelly, Connel, Bill York, and Bill Hazzard—were themselves pages of major or minor results, but that does not necessarily mean that the

best fighters make the best referees. Vic Finitich, the newest third man of our acquaintance, will probably become a good referee, for he has the knowledge and stability that is essential to the business. Moreover, with a more extensive and recent knowledge of the game, he is ready to halt a one-sided fight, and to hook with the spectators—a virtue with which all will agree except those who follow the precepts of the Vincent Code.

One former boxer who failed as a referee was Bob Fitzsimmons, who was most conspicuous to supervise a match between Terry McGovern and Dave Sullivan. Early in the bout McGovern attempted one of the rushes that had earned him so many quick victories. Sullivan, with a neat punch to the jaw, sent the champion to the canvas. Fitzsimmons had mistaken the intent of "nine" when McGovern tried to pull himself to his feet by clenching up Sullivan's leg, and Fitz, instead of breaking the hold or cushioning the coast, pushed Sullivan halfway across the ring.

McGovern recovered to go on and win in the fifth round, and Fitz received a hostile reception from the crowd. The pen-off came 13 years later when the former heavyweight champion and Sullivan met in a New York city. Sullivan had added four stars to his path, and evidently considered himself a match for Fitz, for the slumbering resentment against the man who, he alleged, had robbed him of the feather title, burst into flame.

He deposited a bunch of fists on Fitzsimmons' chin. The ex-champion responded in kind, and the cat-paws were provided with fire not mentioned on the menu.

Fitzsimmons never refuted another contest.

It appears to have been Fitz during to find himself mixed up disadvantageously with the refereeing profession. During the preliminaries to the promotion of his fight against

EVEN before I was born, Jean Crawford was destined to be my poliotherapist and I was destined to be named after her. Jean had been my mother's closest friend for nearly years. I suspect my earliest trick was to peek into such eleven parents. If Dale hadn't written "Ghost in the House," I might never have had the chance to go on stage as a perfectly sick child part at the age of nine, and so to decide I wanted to be an actress and not a ballet dancer. But in my wildest dreams I never considered that I, Jean Buzzone, or rather Jean Evans as I am to be known, would ever be co-starring with Purley Grogan. When Mr. Goldwyn and Celie O'Donnell parted company, my agent not got me the part of Rosemary opposite Peckinpah. Jean Crawford, who first met my mother when Katherine was a publicity girl at MGM, gave me a party to remember the day. As if I could ever forget.

—From "Photoplay," the world's best motion picture magazine.

Shirley, he feared himself forced to accept a referee whose like towards Shirley was well-known. When, the referee was a tough horn-boss named Wynfi Egan, already the proud owner of ten relatives to his gun—one of them incidentally representing the demise of his own brother-in-law.

With a good deal of betting on the outcome of the match, Ned Robert was in a somewhat ambivalent position. His disaffection was not lessened when Egan entered the ring weighted down by an object which, to the well-bred eyes of the spectators, was only dissimulable as a tin-shooter.

A police captain attempted to deprive Egan of the weapon, but Egan politely pointed out that he possessed a license for the gun, and no law existed to prevent him carrying it into the ring. He informed further that even if such a law did exist, might was right and Egan was Egan. The police captain saw his point.

Obviously, Pita had to head the referee too—and didn't, with Shirley wandering drowsy-eyed around the ring in the right hand, Robert threw a punch to his opponent's stomach and was disqualified for hitting low.

And, unhelped Egan, if any gentleman in the audience was in a mood to dispute the decision, would be kindly step up? No one stepped up.

Although it is no longer considered de rigeur to transport cosses into a boxing arena, the late Hugh D. McIntosh resorted to arms in order to induce Jack Johnson to enter the ring at the Sydney Stadium in 1906.

The cosses was the wedding of the negro with Tommy Burns for the world's heavyweight championship. Arnolds had been signed guaranteed Burns \$2,500 and Johnson \$1,000, but with the fight imminent the negro attempted to jack up his guarantee. He was still of the same mind when the postmaster's ended, and McIntosh—who in addition to promoting the match was to act as referee—ordered the negro's dressing room to persuade him to enter the ring.

The negro was out of the dressing room before you could say Ned Kelly, for McIntosh's persuader was a pistol directed at Johnson's solar plexus. The incident apparently did not affect Johnson's nerves personally, for he beat Burns in 16 rounds.

While it is accepted practice that each contestant should declare an open

season of rebuffs, at least verbally, third men are apt to become touchy when a contestant attempts to make a three-way draw. Two old rivals of the early part of this century were Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy, the latter of whom regarded boxing laws, as devised by the Marquis of Queensbury, with a good measure of contempt. It was the Kid, in fact, who initiated a gag that has been used in practically every comedy film since Edison invented the Kinetoscope.

Matched against a Dutchman named Planché, he came out of his corner in the first round, stopped, and pointed to Planché's feet.

"Your shoe-lace is untied," said the Kid, and the simple Dutchman looked down. They carried Planché off in a stricker.

With Ryan no shining knight of the ring, it was anticipated that their third meeting would provide entertainment. It ended in a ref. Referee

Malachi Hagen awarded the decision to McCoy, then with heavy wet with honest sweat and his dog's work done, he began to leave the ring. Ryan contributed to his exit by throwing a right to Hagen's neck.

The referee landed among the ring-side, recovered, and returned to resume his honor.

A snort left to Ryan's chin sent him stumbling backwards into the arms of the gradates who, interlocking bodies, had followed Hagen into the ring. In the terms of pugilism, it was anybody's fight, although records indicate McCoy as the winner.

So, you see, a referee's life is not all cheer and knifles. But don't let that thought stop you from adding your voice to the clamor next time your favorite referee dumps into the ring. After all, pouting is her part of the entrance fee. But it does seem a pity that he probably won't even hear you.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS ————— No. 26

Thousands men-a-year were one night's toll on the Goodwines, which have taken fifty ships in five years.

MARK PRIESTLEY



THE SANDS OF DEATH

SIX miles off the south-west coast of England lies a stretch of sea that has already taken good toll of Australian ships, Australian lives and Australian cargoes, the incessantly shifting treacherously changing shoals of death that underlie here call the Goodwin Bank. Afloat the heaviest seaboard in the world, the Straits of Dover, this is Goodwin weather. As the strong spring nor-easters blow in from the sea, the tide-rips swirl from Trinity Bay and Kel-

let Bay, sweeping many a gallant ship towards its graveyard.

The toll of the Sands tends to increase. There was the case of the 3,000-ton American merchantman *Una*, caught in a fierce west tide and finally grounded on the sands off Deal. For ninety minutes, while the lifeboat stood by, three Dover tug boats fought fruitlessly to free her, gifting stout cables and human arms against the quicksands. They got her afloat at last, but none too soon. Fifty ships

have been sunk there in five years and far every ship lost a dozen or more have been in desperate trouble. It was just such a tide-rip, local fishermen say, that stranded the Goodwin many centuries ago. The ocean swept across a fertile farming island during a great storm, overwhelmed thousands of acres of pasture and left the sandbanks as a grim monument three miles wide and ten miles long from north to south.

Every battle on the Goodwin is a fight against time. When a ship of any size runs aground, the tide can sweep away the sand from her bows and stern within twenty-four hours, leaving her hanging on her beam. Then it takes very little buffeting to break her back and she becomes a wreck.

In the particular instance of the *Una*, the tug had scarcely freed her when they received radio news of another ship. The French sealer *Andre Thorne* appeared on the outer ridges of the Goodwin, two and a half miles away. There were only two hours of suitable tide water left as they dashed to her aid in turn. She too was released, but before the tug pulled away she lashed—and was ground again.

To relate this bare story, for a moment, into terms of human bones in the lifeboat riding alongside the Frenchman in the gale that day was lifeboatman Bill Willis, accustomed to stark reality, turned to the cold-and-meat game of the Goodwin.

For a few minutes he became the woman. A sudden lurch of the lifeboat hurled him into the air and flung him backwards down between the lifeboat and the steamer. As he bobbed to the surface, inconstant in his life pocket, one of his comrades tried to grab at his outstretched arms, but the lifeboat recoiled away. Then the woman swept it back again, and Bill clutched at a slender

The fingers showed. Engineer Perry

Covell hung over the side of the lifeboat and tried to reach him from the lurching sailing boat. Finally he reached Bill Willis, but only by reaching as far out that other lifeboat men had to hold him back.

He was a human cable—and just at that moment a violent wave swept the lifeboat as close against the Frenchman's side that both Covell and Willis were jammed against the ceiling's steel plates. Only Willis's lifebelt saved him from being crushed. Covell gasped held on, though he made a broken suck. Then rich by rich he pulled Willis—with his heavy burden of oil-cans, umbrellas and lifebelt—safely aboard.

"Blessy" pumped Willis. "That was a near thing!"

Yet it was nothing, barely an accident, in the running Goodwin seas. The *Andre Thorne* itself had to be lashed to the deck to an anchor in deep water, and was no nearer floated from one ridge than she grounded on another. For 35 hours the fight went on, while the 2,000-tonner was sometimes swept from stern to stern. Yet they finally dragged her clear.

The Deal lifeboat, gradually, once set out in mountainous seas and pitch darkness to rescue the crew of the *Val Solier*. The Knapgate lifeboat had been launched further along the coast and was swamped by the enormous waves at the first go off. This was during the sea, when the Dover was full of shipping without lights and the lifeboat was whirled along at such a speed that "it was difficult to tell where sea ended and air began."

Grounded in the skin, hurled about like sacks as they encountered the teeth of the gale on the sandbanks, the lifeboat finally moved thirty men from the wreck, after a terrific struggle. At times, says the official report, the lifeboat was thrown up into the air as high as the mast-heads of the wrecked vessel.

A BUSINESSMAN who recently installed a radio set in his factory reports that the machine is entirely satisfactory. "The point about it," he said, "is not that the music increases efficiency, but that it provides a distraction and thus prevents congestion from decreasing efficiency." Another businessman remarks that mechanical music, of one sort or another, has become a background for everyday life. A great many people work better with the wire music of day because they are accustomed to it in their homes.

were not immune from peril. Despite her three-ton mushroom anchors, the South Goodwin lightship was once torn away from her moorings and carried down Channel. Another lightship broke apart in a terrible storm and was battered her bows by wind and waves before finally driving ashore. Part of the vessel became waterlogged. Three of the crew were washed overboard. Three others, nearly dead with cold and exposure, were in grave danger.

The skipper decided to attempt to carry a lifeboat to the shore. During a lull, he put off in a dinghy and was hit over the head with the murderous sea. His frozen body was washed up next morning. Heroes do not always win these battles.

Again, there was the time when the Goodwin Lighting, the Broken, one sack of heavy fog, was run over by one of the very alpine she was trying to protect, and was sunk. Lachlains have to be replaced, and infinitely, and six men of Deal were ordered to man a small open boat on an emergency shipboard for the night. With eyes and ears straining in the gloom, they remained near the scene of the disaster, whirling a head for-horn and elongating their warning bell for dear life whenever a ship came near.

All the ghosts that brood over the Goodwin must have watched this lone ordeal. On these sandbanks thirteen men-o'-war were lost in a single night. On these same sandbanks, early in World War II, the first victim was a U-boat which drifted and half-sunk, rolled helplessly for several days and was finally signalled.

The lifeboat now as always have the last word in the Goodwin reaches. The winds are liable to shift and change overnight with the prevailing tide. The Sargasso Sea itself, in spots of a wider notoriety, is not more deadly. "I would rather cruise

the Bergamas by darkest night," an old man once told me, "then will assault the Condems at noonday . . ."

Sometimes, when seas run high, it is possible for vessels to be blown off their course and still across the outer fringe of the submerged ridges with complete impunity. At other times, the receding tide leaves level patches of sand along high and dry, littered with the rusting skeletons of past victims . . . and firm underfoot. Local folk have even played cricket matches there for the sake of the novelty.

But there is want humour else in
his dark colours. There is only the

dark face of danger . . . and the fog of mystery. Ships before now have signalled in distress from the Goodwins and from that moment have vanished without trace.

In one instance, the Deal lifeboat went out to a vessel that appeared to be bluing on the southernmost shoals. As the lifeboat made its strand of rescue, however, the fire died down and no sign of any vessel or wreckage was ever found.

"Man cannot be said to have conquered the ocean until he has conquered the Goodwin," a Trinity House pilot has summed up. "Those sandbanks are the last real drama . . ."

NECKTIE



They made a hero of him the day he single-handedly launched out a most disagreeable public enemy.

JIMMY NICHOLS



Joker

with a saw

ALTHOUGH Waldo Ewan, a carpenter by trade, lived for the first half of his life in a frame house on the edge of the red-hot Missouri River and, in the years 1880 to 1885, saw some five thousand wagon trains pile across the nearby ford on their way into the smelter, he himself was extremely unmoved by the national surge in the West until he reached the age of forty-three.

Basically a man of peace, Waldo was warfully wishing for the Civil War to cease when the first blow fell—his mother-in-law came to live with him. He put up with that worthy but plain-speaking woman for just two weeks. At the end of that time, he set forth in the direction of Kansas. But those who knew him well were not surprised when wild drifted back that he had by-passed his destination.

working just it, somehow, in the dark, and ended up in El Paso, on the Texas border.

Skilled carpenter and construction workers were scarce and highly valued on the frontier. With his moral security for the first time assured, Waldo revealed a destructive potentiality that had lain dormant for many years.

Waldo became a practical joker. It all began the day he accepted a contract from Long John Harn, El Paso's first real estate speculator, to build a dozen new houses—more accurately, shacks—at the north end of town. Waldo drew up the plans himself, and so he went to work the next day with hammer and saw, a class observer might have noted a speculative gleam in his watery blue eyes.

There was a ready housing market in the stream of merchants, cattle choppers, peddlers, railroad workers and frontier soldiers who poured daily into the border town, and Long John's houses were snapped up at outrageous prices.

On the morning of the grand opening, Waldo appeared early at the shacks, wearing the corner from his own lodgings. Through the doorway he could command a fine view of the new houses, standing barren and freshly painted, and the night seemed to fill him with assurance. From time to time, he let out a snort of unexplained laughter, or covered his mouth with his hand to hide a creeping grin that he could not control.

"Whicha, something at?" the hammer asked him sternly, but Waldo kept his joke to himself.

At midnight, a pink ribbon was strung across the road that led into the new development. Long John, using a silver-mounted pistol, broke it with a single shot. There was a whoop, a wild drumming of hoofs and a roar of cheers. The train moved in, bag and baggage. Over some was

decided and the celebration lasted as long as the liquor held out—about two hours. Then, one by one, the lights flickered out and El Paso was wrapped in darkness—all but Waldo Ewan, who stayed on the steps of the closed saloon and waited.

It happened about four o'clock in the morning. The town was jolted awake by a series of grinding, splintering cracks. Shocks of rage and terror sounded through the darkness. Then a stream of furiously angry men and women poured up the street, headed for Long John's house with a rope in their hands. They flung expletives over their shoulders.

"Roof fell in!"
"Hull darn house collapsed!"
"Side wall fell on top of me!"
"Went right through the floor. I did!"

Few noticed the wounded carpenter cowering and writhing on the ground in an ecstasy of pure joy, shouting and weeping with hysterical amusement. And when the early rays of the sun revealed the once-trim new homes, flattened like matchboxes, Waldo wisely wasn't around to tell them.

Reputation traveled slowly in those days, however, and soon Waldo had come to rest in the new, booming Wyoming county seat of Pinedale. Here, his El Paso success story was repeated all over again. He contented himself by becoming something of a petty tyrant. No one could ever be sure, when they phoned in order with him, just what would be produced. An order for a single flight of back stairs for a stable might result in a sweeping, carved and painted staircase that would have graced a governor's mansion. A demand for a new ball steeple on the schoolhouse was filled with an authentic copy of a Turkish minaret that towered thirty feet high and could be seen for twenty miles.

Since Waldo was the only skilled carpenter within 200 miles, Pinedale

IS SCIENCE SWINGING THE LEAD, OR WHAT?

Why are inventors so mechanical,
To think of cogwheels and forget a god?
They give us axels and engines, skillets things,
They make match-locks, cranks, and wheels of wood,
New kinds of plows, thimble, stronger rods,
Electric docks, and even floating soap;
But while wrapped up in some new deep (soot) soup
They suddenly omit a motor mule,
Neglect to plan for one great human need:
By far more urgent than their greatest deed:
If as they see they are on progress bent
Let them at once take time out to invent
Something that will keep out the cold, and yet
Do the same job for a girl in winter that a
Swimsuit does in the summer!

—Nedkay.

had little choice, and in May, 1936, he received a contract to build a new courthouse.

Waldo was still pounding away at the finishing touches in June when, as it happened, young Jed Reesman, then sheriff of Wyandot county, captured and brought in for trial the troublesome Highway bandit Frank Crawford and two members of his gang. Padville poses had been chasing Crawford for nearly four years and the population was anxious to see a good hanging trial proceed at once. Justice was stymied, however, by the fact that Waldo had torn down the old courthouse in order to get wood for the new one and the new one was not quite finished. But Waldo waved his hammer at Jed reassuringly.

"Go right ahead and try 'em," he said. "By the time you get to the sentence, the courthouse will be finished."

For three days, the trial went on, both defense and prosecuting asking

lost in the ear-splitting screech of the saw. As the jury filed out, the judge asked Waldo anxiously, "Sure it'll be done in time? They won't stay out long, y'know?"

"It'll be tight as a drum," Waldo promised and went back to work in a frantic burst of speed. As the men and women within sat tensely awaiting the verdict, no one noticed that it was growing darker and darker in the new courtroom. Just as a door swung open, and the jury filed back in, Waldo's voice was heard outside shouting, "Here goes it! But please!"

A storm of hammer blows rang out. The dimmed room fell suddenly into total eclipse, a woman screamed and was heard to fall heavily to the floor. Then Waldo's hoarse yallows could be heard outside shouting to a crowd of hysterics and the occupants of the courtroom rushed for the first time that the mad carpenter had built the room without doors or windows and nailed them up in it.

Waldo did not even close the back door from the courthouse. Suppose Public Opinion in general, shifted hands in his favor the day that Crawford, who had been duly convicted despite the difficulties, emerged from jail.

It was not a well-argued fight. He merely knarled down the jalousie, rubbed up the corridor, and up the street.

Waldo, putting the finishing touches on the flooring of a new peach house designed for the street and porches were better, took in the situation at a glance. "That way," he called to the hands.

One moment the colonades saw them, the carpenter and the highwaymen, standing together. The next, they didn't. Waldo had ruled the fugitives into making a premature trial of his latest jalousie—a trapdoor.

For the space of ten days, he was listed. All his sins were forgiven. The Mayor George Kahoe and Mrs. Kahoe, in a burst of civic generosity, called him in to fit windows into the town mansion.

One day the mayor, his wife and family awoke to find unfading shadows across the sunlight in their rooms. The carpenter was gone, but he had left a note.

"Didn't have no lead," he wrote. "Didn't have no glass. Hope this substitution is satisfactory." And across every window in the house was nailed a set of iron posternary bars.

As the east-bound express picked up speed that morning, the mayor swore that the rising robes of the whistle marked overtones of wild, hysterical laughter.



the poet's pet

LOBSTER

The crustacean companion he led from him a short cut to the lunatic asylum



WALKER HENRY

MOST poets of the last century seemed to make a hobby of madness—but it brought insanity to a fine art.

By the time Parn had finished with Gérard de Nerval, a new chapter had been written into the history of the master eccentric.

He made his first bow in Weber's Cafe on the Rue Royale.

"But insanity!" derided Jean-Marie, third waiter, seeing the young man who walked in. "But incredibly insane!"

The young man brushed back a shock of black hair from his forehead

and seemed to tug at the lobster he was leading attached to a long strand of pale-blue ribbon.

"You find me unique?" he inquired with a haze of superiority.

"Ah, but no, no, no, but not!" Jean-Marie hastened hypocritically to reassure him. "I do but speak for myself alone."

"Then that makes well," replied the young man, consenting to be pacified. "For an unsurpassable moment I was giving myself to think that perhaps you were resorting my companion here."

Ignoring the steadily distraught

features of Jean-Marie, the young man escorted his lobster to a table.

And for the rest of that night, Gérard de Nerval, who called himself THE Poet of Paris, sat beside his lobster, rubbing elbows.

Somewhere towards dawn he arose suddenly and lifted the dying lobster from its chair.

"The Morning Star is rising in the East," he announced to the sleepy but still attentive Jean-Marie. "It calls us, my friend and me to guide us here."

Slipping out of the almost deserted cafe, he set the lobster carefully against a lamp-post on the boulevard and, having stripped himself of all his clothes, stood member-naked in the half-light to wait a hymn of his own composition.

"It is a meter which comes to me from higher spheres," he conceded the startled night-watchmen who had started to arrest him.

"That is as it may be," the night-watchmen muttered without any real conviction and marched him, still slapping, to a police station.

There the drawer procedures were willingly evaded to settle Gérard de Nerval in a cell and place a double guard on the door.

What happened to the lobster has not been recorded but the next day Gérard de Nerval paid his first visit to a lunatic asylum.

Before he was finished with life, he had another four visits to pay—two, at least, of them in a strait-jacket.

It all began on May 22, 1855, when a French Army doctor was determined to discover that he had become a failure.

Gazing at his progeny, Doctor de Nerval arose to have decided with some degree of real justification that any man who had chosen to follow the Emperor Napoleon could have very little extra time left to waste on family responsibilities.

He waited just long enough for his son to be christened Gérard and entrusted to the care of an uncle who had sacrificed military glory for the less glady pleasures of possessing a small farm in the provinces. Then he promptly proceeded to which his wife away on another of Napoleon's moment campaigns.

When, soon afterwards, Madame de Nerval—who must finally have come to the understandable conclusion that enough is better than too much—wore-out in the marvelous silence her husband gratefully accepted a heaven-sent opportunity for forgetting that such incidents as offspring even caused in his life. It appears to have entirely abandoned his child.

At all events, Gérard was allowed to grow up on his uncle's farm untended by parents. And he was still roaming about the fields there a young lad not yet out of his teens, when he met the girl who is known as Adrienne.

Who this Adrienne was, how she looked and what she did have all been lost. Probably she was just another farm-girl. But, though there is no indication that he ever went beyond the first innocent fondlings of self-love, Gérard de Nerval made her his great passion.

He talked of her, wrote of her, sang of her and he always remembered her. Even when, in his early twenties, he arrived in Paris she was the one he spoke of most.

In Paris, Gérard de Nerval set out to be a poet and, in the way of poets, it was not long before he linked up with a third-rate actress whose name was Jenny Colon.

Jenny was no different from any other little coquette around Montmartre—except, perhaps, that her face was a trifle prettier than usual and her mouth a little worse—but de Nerval found in her all that he had left behind with Adrienne.

To de Nerval, Jenny was Adrienne.

THE primer-bow was invented by the famous author, Anthony Trollope, the accident, in his spare time. He had no opportunity of further inventions, for he wrote 2,000 words daily before breakfast for the regular rate of 250 words per 15 minutes, working as a full-time Post Office official, and hating during the week-end. He took his civil service career so seriously that he resigned when the post of Under Secretary was given to another. His dist of monkey brought on by his amusement while reading Vice Versa.

and he lived with her the life he had imagined living with Adrienne.

Junny had no objections. She enjoyed being loved by a poet; she was flattered to be written into the pages of his verse as Sylvia and Augusta and Lou—even as Adrienne. But she was also a realist. She lived quite happily with de Nerval until one day she attracted another scholar with more money and, possibly, more sense. Then, when de Nerval was thirty-four, she married the other man.

It was the beginning of the end for de Nerval. Less than a year after her marriage, he was walking through the streets of Paris. It was about midnight. Suddenly he halted abruptly beneath a gas-light and stared wildly at the number-plate of a house. The number was 25.

His mad screams shattered the quiet of the street. While the terrified passers-by tried to calm him, he peevish, glowering, towards the house and begged them to drive away the horrible figure he saw as standing beside the number-plate.

It was, he shrieked, Junny Colas, wedged in a stall and staring at him from her shadowed face.

"She stands beside the number of my age," he shrieked. "It means her death or mine!"

By some grotesque quirk of circumstance, Junny Colas did die a few weeks later. The night after her death, the poet entered the café, tugging the lobes at the end of a long strand of gold-chain ribbon. The scene might be in a coil.

"The Rue sells me to the East," he repeated when they found him alive his first visit to the lunatic asylum. He boarded a ship and went there.

He arrived in Cairo in 1853. The East of those days offered even fewer of the Tim Comstockisms than the East of today.

"I can not be the exception," announced de Nerval after having inspected the unconventional domestic arrangements of the other Europeans. He took himself off to the slave-market.

In the cages was an Abyssinian woman who answered when they called for Zeynab.

De Nerval bought her for a few francs and took her home. "It is a man's obligation to take a wife," he told his friends.

Zeynab's idea of family life was, to say the least, original. In the fashion of her people, she ate raw meat whenever she had the opportunity and she lived a period of raw excess about the birth of her "husband's" boy.

She also began to beat him frequently. Enthusiastic neighbours reported that de Nerval gave every evidence of enjoying the beatings.

Apparently, however, even the joys of constant whippings can pall and after a time de Nerval found himself hankering for the delights of France. Disposing of Zeynab to an acquaintance at a cut rate, he returned to France.

His reappearance in Montmartre was spectacular. He pitched a tent in the

middle of his string-room and reviewed his visitors on the understanding that he was an explorer travelling through the wilds of the African jungle. When he worried at being an explorer, he insisted that he was an African native—which, at any rate, made the situation even more disconcerting for his friends. While living in the tent, he kept in touch with civilization by helping the German physician Helme to translate his poems into French.

Naturally, with these distractions, de Nerval was perambulatory in and out of the lunatic asylum.

Under the circumstances, it is obvious that, as time went on, the poet should find lodging-house keepers increasingly unappealing to some-of-the-like. He was very often homeless. But whenever he chanced to be, he carried pen, ink and paper and wrote his poems. Even when he had descended to the dog-house, he would slyly eat each morning and order the writers of the pavement edicts to

close the sleeping cats from the billiard room. Then he would write his poems on the cloth.

"Green!" he called offensively one morning. "There are three wood-lice in my hair."

"But stuff!" he added before the order could remove the glass. "A man who has lived in the East cannot be impressed by such details. Perhaps I could lose wood-lice. I will think this, but next time move them separately, if you please!"

He must have been in much the same mood when, between six and seven o'clock in the morning of January 28, 1855, he cracked his last joke.

Down was breaking when the morning of a sunny moment in the Rue de la Vieille-Lanterne found Guyard de Nerval swinging from the third hemlock-rod of the staircase. He had strangled himself with the string he was on. His top-hat was still fixed securely to his head.

All he had left behind him were some pages of very good verse.



It started this way



1860 and still going strong! What are we saying? It must be the association of ideas! The name is Johney Walker, but the date is 1871, and the subject-matter. The name may be synonymous with whisky, but the Johney Walker, an Englishman, invented the first practical and safe match. The original match was already nearly 20 years old, for, in 1858, Robert Boyle had dipped a shiver of wood treated with sulphur in a mixture of phosphorus, but his product took fire too easily to be of practical use.

A leprechaun is a five-less verse with rhyme and no reason. Why should it be named after a town in Ireland? The answer is in the importance of the song, "Will you come up to Limerick?" Limericks are often used in advertisements advertising a product or service, the first four lines being provided, the fifth one remaining blank, to be supplied by the competitor. Edward Lear, the British artist and author, popularized the Limerick with his collections contained in *The Book of Nonsense* published in 1848.



The term "horse-power" was in use before mechanization, and it is fast right there appears to be no connection between a 1849 car and a highway, think of horse-power and you have the link. The term was first used to represent the power of a beekeeper's grey horse, and it has been retained because it expresses the abstract word "power" in concrete form. In terms of weight, distance, and time, one-horse-power represents the ability to lift 33,000 lb one foot in one minute. A 1,600 horse-power engine can produce 33,000,000 ft. lb of work per minute.



To dress or not to dress

When professional models vie for the title, "Queen of Foto Fairs," the competition is keen. They've an eye-catching variety of fashions with which to enhance their natural charms and enhance them as well as beauty is inherent in the right choice. But with the best to head that postman, mailer and checkbook can survive, this blond beauty chooses a French sea-salt striped in royal blue and white. She gets the effect she likes.



The prize goes to the best model: she must show torso as well as face, and this young lovely is making a good job of both



The actual exposure of bare pelt may not be as important as the striking quality of the final effect. There's nothing wrong with this, is there?

Bride or bridegroom could
solicit financial interests by
agreeing to a chaste-marrage

FRANK A. KING



Striptease at the wedding

It was a day in Birmingham, 1936. The townspeople, who had gathered to witness the wedding of their women of property to a recently made-well who was not destined for disappointment—despite the fact that the bride stepped from her carriage attired in a large white cloak instead of the wedding gown they had hoped to see.

For the drama of this event was not in the arrival of the bridal party, but at the instant when the priest occupied from the vestry, and the bride, stepping from her cloak, stood conspicuously asked for the ceremony.

Faced with the alternative of off-

ending and thereby costing the worth of the neighborhood, or in retreating and possibly losing the support of his wealthy benefactor—the bridegroom referred to his book for information relative to dress at nuptial ceremonies and finding no reference—continued with the marriage.

The bridegroom's creditors heard of the incident with regret for, according to an old belief, if a woman should marry a man in a distressed circumstance, none of his creditors could touch her property providing she was in pure matrimony while the ceremony was performed.

Though the case seemed enough str-

ange to be reported in Don's Birmingham Gazette at the time, it was not unusual in the eighteenth, and even the early nineteenth, century for a marriage to be performed on chaise or with the bride in a white sheet. In this case the husband was not liable to pay the debts his bride had contracted before the union.

The earliest reference to this strange custom is probably the earliest recorded in the parish register of All Saints' Church at the English village of Chalfont in Wiltshire, where the entry states:

"John Hindmore and Anne Seewood were married October 12th, 1734. The aforesaid Anne Seewood was married in her smock without any clothes or headpiece on."

On 25th June, 1738, another English couple, George Walker a linen weaver, and Mary Gas, of the Gosses and Druggs tavern at Gorton Green were married at the nearest church nearby. The bride was attired only in her shift.

The following entry in Banbury's Manchester Mercury dated 12th March, 1771, concerns the same locality and states:

"On Thursday last, was married at Ashton-under-Lyme, Nathaniel Elfer to the widow Ribbert, both upwards of fifty years of age, the widow had only her shift on, with her hair bed behind with horse hair, as a means to keep them both from any obligations of paying her former husband's debts."

One visitor declined to marry a couple on account of the woman putting waiting herself in her undergarment.

The following entry comes from a periodical called "The Athenaeum" and shows how the custom continued in England into the nineteenth century, and there is also a tradition that there was a "shift wedding" in Lancashire between 1838 and 1846 when a woman was married enveloped in a sheet.

May 1882 *At Office, Yorkshire, Mr.*

George Rensick, of Hawkesworth aged 74, to Mrs. Nelson, of Barley Woodhead, aged 86. In compliance with the vulgar notion that a wife being married in a state of nudity absolved her husband from legal obligations to discharge any demands on her purse, the bride dived herself at the altar, and stood shivering in her chemise while the marriage ceremony was performed."

In Malton's "Anecdotes of London" a slightly different form of ceremony is described. The author states that "a brewer's servant, in February, 1772 to prevent his liability to the payment of the debts of a Mrs. Britton, whom he intended to marry, the lady made her appearance at the door of St. Clement Dane habited in her shift. Hence her servants conveyed the modest fair to a neighbouring speculator's where she was completely equipped with clothing purchased by him, and in three Mrs. Britton changed her name to church."

In all the above accounts it will be noted that the chaste-marrages were conducted for the purpose of the pocket of the bride or bridegroom. The Annual Register of 1796 contains an account of another wedding of the nature.

A few days ago, a handsome, well-dressed young woman came to a church in Whitechapel, to be married to a man, who was attended there with a clergyman. When she had advanced a little into the church, a cry, her husband, began to cry, and she, with her dress, went to her shift, and she was bedecked and adorned, to the altar where the marriage ceremony was performed. It seems that this odd wedding ceremony was occasioned by an embarrassment in the chair of the intended husband, upon which account the girl was asked to do this, that he might be satisfied to receive her marriage portion then her smock."



WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF THE DEVIL

We praise the devil first, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree

Herbert. The Temple, The Church, &c.

Better sit still, than rise to meet the devil.

Drayton. The Owl.

Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil.

Byron. Hours of Mieness. To Eliza

Every moderate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient a devil.

Shakespeare. Othello, Act II. Sc. III.

What we all love is good touched up with evil—
Religion's self must have a spice of devil.

A. H. Clough. Dipsychus (Spirit) Sc. III.

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by.

Herbert. Jacula Prudentium.

A right woman—either love like an angel,
Or hate like a devil—in extremes to dwell.

Unknown. The Rare Triumph of Love and Fortune. Act I.

Better the devil's than a woman's slave.

Massinger. The Parliament of Love.

God sends us meat, the devil sends us cooks.

Randolph. Ray for Honesty.

When to sin our blood's nature leans,
The crafty devil is still at hand with means.

Dryden. Absalom and Achitophel

He must needs goe when the devil hath driven.

J. Heywood. Proverbs. Bk. II.

★ Hazel Court—J. Arthur Rank player





Reprieve

ANYBODY in N.S.W. who knew Joseph Serrault in the first weeks of September, 1939, was not sufficiently interested to care what became of him. He belonged neither to the class of respected citizens, nor to that of notorious criminals; even his life was being handled with despatch by disinterested magistrates every day. Yet by September 20 he was the talk of tea party, nightclub's shop and prison gang. He was the man who choked death.

On the morning of September 13 he was ruefully considering the crime for which he awaited hearing at the Criminal Sessions Court.

He had been clipping a shrub and, happening to glance through a window, had observed Miss Mary Breen put some money in her desk. Joseph wasn't very fast with money, and even if he had been he couldn't have resisted the prevailing situation. But, unfortunately, he had been detected and here he was feeling decidedly sorry for himself. He heard his sentence uttered tenderly, and found in it little cause for hope. He was to die in eight days.

Now, Joseph had a wife and Molly Serrault was not the type to lose her husband easily. To farewell her beloved family in England and undertake the long voyage to be with Joseph had required tremendous courage. But neither her love nor her courage could delay the doom of

a day. September 20 arrived and Joseph Serrault was led to the gallows.

Years blinded Molly as the noose was placed over Joseph's head, and, but in her grief, when the rope snapped she was conscious only of the resulting quackered interest of the spectators. She somehow realised that Joseph was lying crumpled on the ground and that they were awaiting his return to consciousness before once more slipping the dreaded noose about his neck. When the rope broke a second time Molly felt hope that even now her husband might cheat death. Joseph's weary face showed no emotion, and when the rope broke the third time it was the hangman who betrayed agitation.

Before another attempt could be made, the Provost-Marshal, Mr. Smith—a man known for his compassion for prisoners—had ordered that the hanging be postponed.

Then the grape-vine began to work. The man who couldn't be hanged became first interest in the town. It was known that the Provost-Marshal had called on the Governor, and that the Crown was considering reprieve in view of the unusual circumstances.

Serrault was reprieved, and for a while was pointed out as he passed, but in due course his case became merely a note in the colony's records of a first chapter of history.



The grand cure

When it came to saving the "jerry cold thing,"
Clancy could rise above his necessary instincts.

DINNY MURPHY'S white-faced now had become him; it wheezed like an antique gramophone and belched like a fog-horn with hiccuping.

"It's something 'ya should be dear' about it," Bridget reproved. From her seat on the edge of the verandah she cast a reproachful eye back at Dinny.

Her spouse did not reply; he was absorbed in scratching the itch on his shoulder against the door post.

"It fair tears me heart out to hear her," confided Bridget in a half-heated attempt to pad Murphy to unwelcome action.

"An' what the devil 'ud I be doin' for it?" he demanded to know.



"An' what 'ud 'ya be doin' for a cold of yer own," she retorted.

At her daughter's words Berch Shanewey stirred in the old rocking chair at the end of the verandah. Apparently listless before, her tongue now slid between her toothless gums to lick her shrunken lips, they clamped with an audible click and his speculative glance to Dinny's lock-jawed eyes.

A grand old lady was Berch, far sorer one of those hard old pioneers

who had opened up Shanewey's Creek to civilization.

Dinny sighed regretfully. It was feared he was that Berch had outlived her usefulness and it was working for a living he'd have to be. For the indulgence of the storekeepers was wearing thin and it was cash on the nail they were silent these days.

"A terrible lot of medicine if it be wakin', an' don't a drop in the house," he muttered gloomily, adding needlessly, "aar money to buy it."

The speculative gleam now reflected in Bridget's eye, for the parker stared under her foot. She looked at Dinny. His eyes met hers, and these thoughts were plain as the sun in your eye, as Bridget was wont to say it, an exchange of glances with Martha O'Reilly over the belated return of a borrowed wash tub after the Saturday night oration.

Sudden life awakened Dinny's recumbent form, he leaped to his feet like the devil from pork and screamed his order to Mick like a screech in the horrors. "Get in the pig pen or be hanged!" Prince to the spring cart."

Already Bridget was on her feet, waddling smoothly across the verandah as light and airy as the Rose of Killarney, the big row even then well-known in the mire of the street with darning needles, no less, squeaking and squeaking around her legs to crush her for her milk. Sarah's thin arms hugged her bosom in an ecstasy of a coming joy.

"Pi-a! Fla, pa, pi!" Mick's rasping voice caught the air to the accompaniment of a stick rattled in a luscious tin.

"How many?" asked Mick as his parents rose to the yard.

"Four," Sarah croaked distastefully from the verandah.

Bridget looked at Dinny. Dinny scratched her head; two he had thought, but two porkies would not buy such medicine, 'twas a treat for meekness; why spoil a ship for a measure of prag and buy a coffin with the savings?

"Four," he agreed.

With Mick he heaved two porkies into the cart, then dashed into the grating mob for two more but, as he moved, Irish Father, suspecting that his last moment as pig and his first as pork had arrived, clamped straight into Bridget's voluminous black skirt.

With a cry of alarm, Bridget pitched face downwards over the pig's back, her plump hands claving frantically at his flanks like a cat up a pole with a dog snapping at his tail and with the flower of her skirt, like a hussar's head, over the porker's head.

The Fatherless pig-roared and barked, charging around the yard and squealing as if the butcher's knife were already carving his throat, while the two girls held hands, blubbering their fear and young Dennis Aloysius danced his excitement and waved his hat wildly in the air.

"Hide him, mame; stick to him," he yelled in shrill falsetto.

Struggling out of a whirl, the bear charged blindly forward. He crashed into the kerstone tin, slid to a short stop, then swerved on a pinpoint. The traffic course was too much for Bridget; she staggered forward and called to the cart, while Irish Father, gruffier and squealing his indignation, roared for the safety of the scrub.

"No doubt! Look at me! I'll get black dirt!" Bridget wailed dementally as she sprang the dirt from her mouth.

"Arrah, warran, 'tis no time to be swarmin' about a speck of dirt," Dinny admonished as, with unrepentant vigour, he stopped the head-madged gawwot with the flat of his hand. "Tis on an errand of mercy we are."

"It is that," she agreed hysterically.

Once in the road beside Dinny, however, the hurt to her pride and the injury to her person were mitigated by the sight of the old yellow house gliding along between the shafts. The Prince of Orange he was, no less, and him a beast of burden at the mercy of the Murphy whip. And that wounded her.

"To hurry we must, or it's too late we'll be," she reminded Dinny. Her husband needed no second

prompting. Twice himself as know, none better, that Flanagan, the butcher, would not be opening his shop just to oblige Dinny Murphy, and it was as medicine he'd be getting from Dinny for love or credit.

"Fifteen bob apiece," declared Flanagan, with fealty, after inspecting the lead of prospective pork.

Dinny muttered into his beard. It was a nasty, unpleasant nature and Flanagan he thought the last two words were "dirty apiece", his beer-like face clenched tightly and Dinny elated nervously towards the single cover of the wits of his bosom. She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Out of the goodness of yer heart, Mother Flanagan," she pleaded. "Tis not for ourselves we'll be wantin' it; it's for our pore old—"

A back-sneering sob choked off her words, and Flanagan shuffled uncomfortably on his feet. With a tremendous effort at self-control, Bridget continued tearfully, "We dyin' she is."

"Well, well, now, it's sorry I am to be hearin' that," Flanagan mumbled a soft-hearted rasp was Flanagan, though he did drive a hard bargain in the way of business. "A grand old lady she's been, too. Well now, I'll make it a pound a piece."

At the hotel it was Flanagan himself who hastily whispered the sad news to Dinny, for it was overcome with their snuff that the couple were.

About that time O'Reilly stopped by, then Madigan, then Flanagan, and then Halpin, and each in turn offered his condolences, but it was not so much the words that were spoken, as the spirit that inspired them, that supported the grieving couple with comfort and solace until his first sight: when Mick rode in to fetch them home.

The pallbearers shook his head miserably, but as the doleful assembly prepared to depart he rose above his

secondary instincts and placed two bottles of the best Irish whiskey in the spring cart, and not one penny more would he take against the price of them.

"Tis the least I could be dunn', but 'tis the best medicine I could be offerin'," he told them, waving aside their grateful thanks. "There's none can be warran' when troubles afflict them that Dinny was backward in givin' them a helpin' hand along the downward path. It's a grand old lady she was."

When they arrived at the house, Sarah and the children were fast asleep, so they sent Mick to bed, too. There was work to be done whatever befall, and only him to do it, but themselves they would not spare the needle and; relief of the suffering creature must come first.

After a lot of trouble they procured the poor beast to eat a hot brown-broth well spiced with half a bottle of Clancy's medicine, then they sat themselves down on the ground beside her and, using Irish Father as a back-rest, watched the whole anxiously fortifying their spirits and their strength with liberal draughts of the medicine. It was there that Mick found them in the morning—sleeping, but cold, stiff, and ailing.

"Is the cow better?" he asked, as he helped them towards the house.

Bridget snarped a reply, but her thin, wheezy whisper could not be heard, the chill of the night had given her laryngitis, but, although the first of the dawn had changed her benighted toilet, Dinny managed to croak hoarsely, "Tis done or it is. 'Tis a grand cure for a cold."

In the light of the morning sun, the white face of the cow was verminous and mean, but in a row, even, best note it followed a whole-hearted approval of Dinny's sentiments. "Goo-bie-coo!"

HIGH DIVE TO Oblivion



The poker left the salving in the train from the west, but failed him to the murderer.

JOHN D. MACDONALD

I worked as a book, in one of those jobs where you've got to lead a clean life or they won't take a chance on you. He was smart enough to know that I had his wheels figured out pretty well. I worked on it long enough I got up my job to work as a, and now that it's over, I think I'll go back to that little east-west town that I came from—that Clara came from.

On that last day I followed him a lot closer. I knew that I had been so careful that he wouldn't know me from a hole in the wall. I sat opposite

him on the express that he took every working day at five. I sat across from him and looked at his wide pale face, at the black curling hair or the backs of his hands and the backs of his fingers. He sat, looking sleepily at the train clattered along, the damp air rushing in the windows. I looked at him and I had it all planned and I wondered what out of song and dance he had given Clara—what he had told her to make her fall for him. And I wondered what he had told his wife during those evenings when he had gone to Clara instead of her.



The train rolled along and I knew that in seven minutes I would do it. I would do it when he changed trains. It would be easy. Just as easy as what he did to Clara. I looked at his square wrist. He had the strength to do it. His eyes were sleepy. He wouldn't have looked sleepy if he'd known what was going to happen in seven minutes. He wouldn't have looked the least bit sleepy. Some people crowded on, blinking off my view of him, and I had a chance to think of Clara.

Funny that I had to think of her after it was too late—for me, I mean.

The same small town. She was then with wide eyes set far apart and a constant look of anticipation, as though she knew and understood that life was going to bring her everything that is fine and good.

Maybe it would have, if it hadn't been for the man with the wide pale face and the sleepy eyes.

I should have made it more definite with Clara. I could have married her before I went in the service, but I was infantry and I didn't expect to get through it all. I did, however, and when I got back home she was gone.

"I CAN'T even contemplate an expensive shirtwaist without long-ot longer to write something on it," said Bernard Shaw in an interview. "Some one will scribble obscenities on white-washed walls rather than not at all. It is part of the born writer's manifestation." When asked, "Is any of your plays your personal favorites," he snipped, "No, of course not. My plays are not favorites. I have no time to bother with them after they've finished and landed." He was later asked why his early novels were not as successful as his later plays had been. "How do you know that my novels have been less successful?" Shaw demanded. "My plays remain uncriticized for years at a stretch, but people go on buying my novels, and perhaps even reading them."

In the city, they said. Okay, so she was in the city and I had a bad case of nerves and I went to Sydney seeking to look her up, to find her and everything would be fine again. But somehow I never did. She was working as a stenographer, they said. In a bank.

By the time I got myself straightened out, and had gotten sick of thinking of her a lot and even dreaming about her, I went to the bank.

"I'm sorry, sir, but Miss Ackerman left here about two months ago. No, we don't know where she's working now. Yes, I can give you the home address she had when she left us."

One of those barren roaring houses with a conveniently kitchen on each floor and a general air of dust and disorder.

"No, there isn't no Miss Ackerman here, had. Yeah, but she left here, oh, at least four or five months ago. No, no forwarding address."

The trail was gone, so three weeks later, I phoned the home town and asked her mother and got an awful of hysteria because Clara had written her every other day and she had been answering letters once of General Delivery and then two weeks before the letters had stopped. They had stopped on the beach of June. That is, according to her habit, she should have written on the tenth. The last letter she wrote on the eighth.

It bothered me. I knew that Clara wasn't the sort to stop writing her mother unless she had to. It didn't look right.

It worried me so much that I couldn't do right by the job. I kept staring at the office wall and wondering what had happened to Clara and how I could find out.

A few days later I went to the Police Headquarters and started asking questions, telling them that a girl friend, Alice Williams, had come to town and was supposed to meet me on the eighth of June and the never made it and I was worried about her. I gave a general description that could have fitted Clara.

I talked to several guys and then they stored me in an Inspector White in a small office loaded with files on the third floor.

"Why'd come you took to long coming around, Mr. Dawes?"

"Well, I thought I was just getting the brush-off, and then I began to worry about maybe she had been run over or something and didn't have any identification. So I thought I better come around."

"When was the last time you knew this Miss Williams was alive?"

"On the eighth, I phoned her."

"That narrows it a little," He dug around in the files and came out with four folders.

There were pictures in the files. He started to show them to me.

Four dead girls, unidentified. I looked at the pictures. A truck had nearly run over one in two. She was too hefty to be Clara and the face wasn't right. The second one was a Jewish one who had been headed out of the harbour. Not her. The third one came out of the river too, only she had been there a long, long time. Probably right through the winter. He said the lips were the natural hair colour as evidence. Not Clara. When she was a little kid her hair was as black as the cross in her old man's corn patch.

The fourth one was a mess. Her face was smashed. She could have been Clara. She was the right age to be Clara. The blood-splashed hair was black.

"That could be her. What happened?"

"That was a funny one. The papers gave it a big play. Maybe you remember it. That is the one that took the high dive and landed in the truck."

I remembered it vaguely.

He said, "A Hopper Transport Company truck had to pick up a load of crates. He was slowly picking through the traffic when he heard a bang and thought somebody had piled into him. He pulled over and went and looked. No damage. He had a big trailer job, and he'd picked up a small load that didn't take much room. Anyway, when he got back to the warehouse and opened up the doors in the back, there was the dead dove in the back. No clothes. No identification. She got no clothes. No identification. She had come down through the roof of the van and crashed on the bed of the truck."

"The papers gave it a big play and the job went over her pool. The bones in her face are smashed so they can't reconstruct the features. Nobody saw her fall, and we can't even find out where she jumped from. The driver

couldn't remember exactly where he leaped the dove. They figure she fell down as she went through the roof of the trailer. From her hands, from the witnesses, they figure she'd done a lot of typing up to maybe a month or so before she jumped. We checked everything and no soap. The eagle eye figure is that maybe some joker knocked her off. It looks that way."

I thought of what that knowledge would do to Clara's mother. And I still couldn't be certain that it was her. A nasty way to go on!

"Any record of sons or sisters or anything?"

"Yeah, here's the list. Let me see, now. Red hair, long ago, as the underside of her left arm. A puckered scar on the right side of her throat where maybe she had an abscess burst when she was a kid. The X-ray showed an old break of the left collar-bone."

I said slowly, "Yeah, I thought for a while it might be her. But that stuff you just gave me doesn't fit. I think Clara just gave me the brush-off."

He grinned. "Sometimes it goes that way. You want to give me a full description and a picture just in case?"

"No thanks."

He was stopping the fat folder back in the file as I left. He didn't seem particularly interested.

I found the driver for Hopper and he told me where he thought it had happened. I got the picture that Clara had sent me while I was overseas. Her wide eyes looked out of the picture at me with that wonderful look of anticipation. The photographer had tried to brush out the puckered scar on the right side of her throat where she had had an abscess burst when she was a kid. But it still showed a little.

It was a part of town where there are cheap little apartments. I had a

OR IS THERE A LIMIT TO EVERYTHING?

It's only like speculation.
Yet it would be fun to know
Whether an infatuation
For the best the world can
show

In carved old antique pieces,
In musty antique books,
In value with its process,
And other gear of ancient
lovel

Ever brings the antique lover:
To a sudden urge to be
At least a mile modest
In her own antique

black and a half of the right side of
a street to cross.

At the end of the third day I found
a great woman elevator operator who
looked at the picture and said, "Yeah,
she used to live here. You the cops
or something?"

I gave her five and said, "Let's not
talk about that. What apartment?"

"Let's see Eighth floor front. Fif-
teen less I think."

"What name?"

She went away then and came back
in three minutes. "Mr and Mrs
Charles Driscoll." She asked.

"That was a phony you think?"

"About three nights a week he
wasn't here at all. The other nights, I
always run him down around mid-
night and he don't come back. And
she's a nice girl too."

"What did he look like?"

"I don't know. Just a guy. Between
thirty and forty. Husky. Sort of
white-faced. That's all I can tell you."

"They checked out?"

"Mr Driscoll did the checking out."

"Can you tell me what day?"

"I saw it on the card when I looked
up the name. The ninth." Clem had
left the trunk on the ninth.

It's a furnished apartment?

"Yeah. The two of them took most
of the stuff out on the eighth. When
he finally left he only had a little bag
of stuff left to take out."

A little bag with her clothes in it
I thought.

"You could tell who it was? I mean
if I brought a picture of a lot of guys
you could figure out which one was
the Mrs Driscoll?"

"Sure I can't describe him, but I
could recognize a picture."

She had been working at the bank
and had quit. I had to bet on promp-
tly. He had done a lot of betting. I
could see what had happened. She
was away to make trouble for him.
Probably he had had to live about
putting a divorce or something and
she had found out. I remembered from
the front of the building to where the
trunk had to be and I knew damn
well that Clem couldn't have jumped
that far.

I figured that it had to be about
sixteen feet horizontal distance—
plus the eight-story drop. It made me
sick to my stomach when I thought of
that drop. But I knew she hadn't felt
it. He couldn't have taken a chance
on the wires.

I could see how it was done. He
climbed her and stripped her. Then
he watched the elevators traffic
holding her. Probably, the window
four wide. It was dark. He had to
perch. It probably went a run
halfway across the room, ending up
dangy by the window, turning away as
she crashed down through the top of
the trunk. He had to be a powerful
man.

So I smiled on promp-
tly, and I
needed a camera, let myself grow four
days' stubble, bought a dirty cop in a
used clothing store, stationed myself
outside the bank, the side door where
the people come out who worked there,
I only stepped the men, the
stocky men between thirty and forty.
I pretended to keep the others I tried

to hand every one of them one of
those little cards telling them where to
send their address and the dough
to get a picture.

They came out glad. I took the
prints back to the elevator woman
and she peeked the second five
and pointed to the fourth picture. I
showed her. She was positive. She
got mad when I asked her if she was
absolutely certain.

I threw the others away and went
back to the bank. He sat behind a
wooden railing and his name was on
a little plate on his desk. A. T. Warden.
He had a wide pale face and black
curling hair on the back of his
hands. He was working hard, with
people waiting to see him. I didn't
want to see him.

I still couldn't be sure.

I found his home phone and called
his wife and made an appointment.

"Yes, I'm Mrs Warden."

"That is kind of a delicate situation,
Mrs Warden, but I represent the
Allison Investigation Agency. I can't
reveal my source, but—"

"What's just come in?" She had a
thin, nervous face and nervous
fingers.

I sat opposite her. "As I was say-
ing, I can't reveal my source, but I
heard that you might be interested in
finding out— shall we say—
the extramarital activities of your
husband. We can offer the most
discreet—"

"How did you find out?"

"I can't tell you."

"Your word is important, Mr—"

"Maybe it is. But a friend of yours
insisted that we approach you."

"Probably a few months ago,
I would have said yes. Alexander then
had to me about working him. I could
tell by his manner that he was de-
ceiving me. But that's over now. He
comes home groggy every night
his position in the bank is a good
one. I think he finally realized that
he could spoil it by running around."

"Thank you for telling me that.
You can be assured that it will go
no further."

"I told you because I don't care
whether it's reported or not. I'm
afraid I don't see very much what
happens to Alexander Warden."

I was almost positive, but not quite.
One small bit of doubt left.

I had to talk to him, but not too
soon. If I were too soon I should
lose my chance, for there would be
no doubting my intent.

Carlson, I thought, that a man could
deserve his wife, deserve a lovely girl
like Clara to the point of having to
murder her, and, having murdered
her, return to his wife and to his work
as though nothing had happened.

For some distance I allowed myself
to listen to the voice of Warden, con-
fident in the fact that there were still
some minutes to go before the train
was due to stop. In any case the wish
of people still formed a line between
us.

I got to thinking about myself.
Would this thing make any difference
to me? I was not the murdering type.
Even in the industry I'd held the per-
sonal side of war, the cutting off of
life by my own action. But there
was nothing cold-blooded in me.
They worked you up to it, it was a
case of your man or you—and it had
to be you.

Killing Clara must have been cold-
blooded though, the woman at the
house had told him about the clothes,
and of the one small suitcase that
Wardell had eventually taken out of
all. The killing of Clara was un-
usually planned. And now Wardell,
if it was really he who had done it
seemed to feel nothing.

When I found out that he was the
man I was after, there would not be a
drop of cold-blood in my veins. I
would be as hard that killing him
would be the most natural thing I had
ever done. I felt that even when I
had cooled down I would know no

snore of snick is having killed a man. The passengers were beginning to shuffle. They were retrieving brief cases, buttoning up coat collars.

Some of the people got off the train and I could see how small he looked. He folded his newspaper and put it in his pocket. There is chance now to a hotel. His eyes were sleepy and the black hair grew evenly on the backs of his thick white hands. Hands that had touched Clara.

He got up and I followed him. Not too close. Stand and wait for the other train. I walked up behind him, and of his habit of standing close to the tracks that gleamed in the bottom of the four-foot pit. He took his newspaper and started to read it again.

I moved up close behind him, waiting for the approaching rear of the engine. The timing had to be right. I held my own paper up, and behind it I moved closer to him. I moved so close that the backs of my fingers brushed the sleeve of his suit. He

felt the contact and moved a little closer to the edge. I moved closer.

I said quietly, "Clara Arkusman sends her love."

He turned violently, his eyes wide. He has a picture of guilt, behind the train, realizing my intent as I leaned toward him. His paper fluttered down onto the tracks. The train was yards away.

One quick shove and then I could stand and scream with the others while the steel wheels ground him to bloody meat.

They grabbed me then and threw me back. Two machine-gunned men in quilt suits with the still cold, white faces of the police.

They had got him too. There was a head of steel around his waist and around the waist of one of them. He tried to pull away and his feet were the color of fresh cement. I scribbled up, and before they could stop me, I scratched my fist into that wide white face, the jolt of the blow

ringing my head, hurting my shoulder.

They took me along too.

I set across the desk again from Inspector Wolfe and he said, "That wasn't the right way to do it, Mr. Deven. This is police business. Thanks to you, it's all screwed up. Still, I'm not coming a phaser when I say that you shouldn't take the law into your own hands."

"I-I realize that now, but I guess, for a while, I was out of my head. I wanted to kill him."

"Sure. But we couldn't let you. We had a tail on you constantly from the time you left my office."

"But why? What did I say? What did I do that gave you the tip?"

"Well, for one thing, you turned white as a ghost when I told about the distinguishing marks on her body. But the second thing was a little more interesting. You told me you were checking on an Alice Wilkins. When I told you about the marks on her

body, you said that Clara gave you the breakoff."

"We don't like unaltered evidence. We figured a girl would scream if she jumped. That scream would be heard. So we let you do our work for us for a while. You did a nice job, Deven. Very nice. You ever think of police work as a career?"

"I didn't answer for a long time. It was a good job. I liked him. But there was still an open sore in my mind that needed healing."

"I said, 'I've got a trap to take, first I'm going home. Just a small update town. I'll be back. Maybe I'll see you then.'"

"Good, Deven."

He stopped me when I got to the door. He said, "By the way, Deven. This won't get much of a play in the papers. You see, we were a little curious."

"How?"

"Alexander Winkler managed to hang himself in his cell last night."



the two man **TENT**

Designed and Planned by
GREGSON



For two men who wish to go hiking the "two man tent" is a must. It is light in weight, thoroughly waterproof, and exceedingly easy to handle. That's what the ad said anyway.

Tent poles are pieces of wood tied to each corner of the tent. The only purpose of these are that they all pull loose whenever their opposite members are being adjusted. This, you see, can go on for days.



If two trees are used for pitching the two poles sure that you choose stout ones otherwise the tent will take on the characteristics of a circus pyramid, and who wants to live in a pyramid?



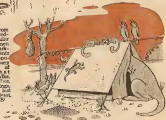
Springs for tent poles are should be chosen for strength and durability. The stronger the supports the more solid the structure. You will find this out when the whole works collapse, which it always does.



When choosing a spot on which to pitch the tent always pick a position where there is a small hill, this small hill comes in very handy to sit on if you happen to be pitched up the dried up creek.



Apart from being exceedingly popular with two men who go hiking, the tent is also popular with every class of man, at Nature that other walks, forest, sea, swamp, stream, bog, and last but not least, LAUGHS.



Passing Sentences

If a girl gets to work on time every morning, first thing you know they'll expect it.

In international affairs, peace is said to be a period of shooting between two periods of fighting.

A farmer who sent for a book on How to Grow Tomatoes wrote the publisher: "The man who sent the ad showed me the book."

Even the characters in a novel deserve a little privacy.

Overheard in the clubhouse: "What hellish weather."

The comedian went from rage to rakes.

Marriage resembles a pair of shoes, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

I told my wife it was a pity she did not go to live with her mother as she knew all our business.

A highbrow author is a man who can write about something that he doesn't understand and make you think it's your fault.

Mean is city customer: "Barley Soap."

A dyspeptic man by any other name would be easier to spell.

People with time to spare usually spend it with someone who hasn't.

Dieting is a triumph of mind over plates.

To write a modern musical hit all you have to do is to take something composed by the masters—and then decompose it.

University students protested the famous old play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Friday night. Thomas Bruns starred as Uncle Tom, Betty Martin as a lovely Little Eva, and Grace Lacey was Topsy.

My insomnia is so bad I can't even sleep when it's time to get up.



"Nevertheless, sir, it has a disconcerting effect on the readers."



Accent on **COURAGE**

Australians will remember Harold Russell, the handiest American veteran for his disabled and authentic portrayal in "The Best Years of Our Lives," the motion-picture which won him two Academy awards. Harold lost his hands in 1944 when a dud went off near the premiere explosion of a charge of TNT. Nevertheless he can do almost anything with his "hooks."



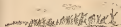
When two-year-old Jerry runs into trouble with his toy weapons and trucks, Deid comes to the rescue. Russell's home is in Watertown, Massachusetts, where he lives with his wife and their two children. He likes to help Rita in the kitchen. You know as well that Rita often put looks on. He has been described the "most natural" actor ever tested in Hollywood.





Russell makes sure the alarm is set, winds it himself. His days are full. Currently he has interrupted his home life and his tensor studies at Boston University to tour his country, speaking to high school, college and other groups in the promotion of tolerance and brotherhood. Rodgers and crew groups have selected him for their Brotherhood award of the year.

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



PRELIMINARY TRIALS have shown that a new mould-changer chest of dust, mucusogen, may prove effective against virus pneumonia. So far the virus has proved stronger than antibiotics and sulfa drugs. Doctors reporting the discovery to the American Federation for Chemical Research say that the response to treatment was dramatic.

THERE'S a new plastic film dressing which not only looks neat and clean outside, but keeps a wound free from bacteria which develops under the other dressings. It is made of a nylon-cellophane film. Experiments are reported in the British Journal, The Lancet. The dressing is based on a wartime discovery which was the result of a search for suitable material for tropical warfare. Another advantage is that the wound can be inspected without lifting the nylon dressing, because the doctor can see through it, the dressing will remain in place for days if the skin is free from grease and a heavy growth of hair.

THE JOURNAL of the American Medical Association reports the use of histamine as a valuable prophylaxis and treatment for religious headache. The substance is a body tissue chemical, thought to cause many allergic reactions. During experiments it was injected beneath the skin and

dropped into the veins. Of the 144 patients studied, 82 showed 25 to 100 per cent improvement. The treatment is not a cure, but constant treatment has freed patients from the headache over a period of a year.

A SYNTHETIC derivative of phenobarbital, called phenaron is the latest discovery for treating all common forms of epilepsy. Dr. Frederic Gibbs of the Illinois College of Medicine has been conducting clinical experiments and reports effective results to the National Medical Chemistry Symposium of the American Chemical Society. The anti-epileptic was synthesized in screaming about 200 specially prepared chemicals for something that would control artificially induced convulsions in mice.

IT HAS BEEN FOUND that X-Rays and cathode rays produced at high voltages will destroy strong concentrations of bacteria, yeasts and molds. Researchers found that the sterilizing effect was good in cases of raw and pasteurized milk, red and white but in an experiment where fruit juices were irradiated to see if the vitamin C content would be destroyed it was noted that the vitamin was markedly reduced. The change that the rays cause are due to the disturbance caused in the stems of the weakening substance when the particles in the rays hit it.

Uniforms for the victims, but a hanging provided citizens with a gala day, and the hangman crashed in on morbidity.

Death by a noose



MERVYN ANDREWS

THE hangman stooped sharply on a solid beam above the pole of Buckingham Gaol, the "Rivets of Death" was ready for John Kemm's passage to eternity.

The touch of hangman on pillows has mostly rung in vain. Before dawn Sydney-tram commuted to counter for a gala day. While picnics and packpothet piled their trucks, thousands of citizens crowded around the gallows. Sentences and free, poetry and labour, master and apprentice, lady, housewife, and harlot avowed a feast of horror to come, and stayed to gloat over the gaudy grimaces

and gyrations of the helpless victim suspended from that gruesome beam and dying by slow strangulation.

No censor deemed that this show was for adults only. The "Herald of the People," a journal bent in the service of its first crusade, attacked the solemn in Vol. 1, No. 3 of 1st May 1861, claiming that there were five children to every adult in that hanging multitude. It deemed, by ratios, boys from a nursery school who attended to a body they feared and gawked between lines at the placard's words.

Yet these children were best scho-

ing, and wisely, the inevitable interest of nineteenth century England to crime, blood, and punishment. Until nearly the end of the eighteenth century, presiding at the office of the Reverend Ordinary of Newgate Prison was a monopoly of the "Last Words" and "Confessions" of the condemned within his case. Thenceforth the sensational figures of the popular journals and broadsheets of the day lapped both The "Morning Chronicle," "Annals of Crime," "Terrific Narrative," "Molestation Register," "Last Dying Speeches," and "Letters from the Condemned Cell" served only to whet the appetite of the populace.

The hangman crashed in on morbidity. Customs had long given him disposal of the victim's clothes, but he made more out of ropes sensibly given at six pence an inch.

The sale of ropes had long been prohibited, though a number of exhibits are available in the "Black Museum" of Scotland Yard.

An enterprising pinner who sold "Greenacre plot" at that hanging found his wares in strong demand at all subsequent hangings. That execution, too, was a long source of profit to the breadbasket printers: estimates of copies sold throughout the century range from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000. The "freshness" of the day got two shillings for the manuscript and the printer and the "pinner" divided the spoils.

Colonel S. G. Penridge, former Assistant Secretary, New Scotland Yard, in his "Prisoner's Progress" asserts that 200,000 people attended Penridge's hanging in 1855, as many at Greenacre's in 1877, and also at Courtenay's in 1868. At the last-named no great was the crush that dozens fished and many were tempted to death. A baby was saved only by being snatched from the arms of its dying mother and passed over the heads of the crowd to safety.

These public executions were crude and gruesome. The prisoner walked

to the scaffold, usually mounted at necessity, by an effort. While the executioner adjusted the noose, the Ordinary continued his ministrations. At a signal from the chaplain the condemned man was "turned off"—two men usually gripped his legs from beneath the scaffold and dragged downwards to ensure suffocation.

After the crowd had dispersed, two groups invariably remained at the scaffold. One group, though of all classes, were united in faith in the efficacy of the "Dead Snakes," they were gentle sufferers hoping for cure by passing the dead man's head three times across the pillow.

The second group were relatives tormented with vain hope of getting the body for burial, but surgeons had to be turned, if want to the hospital for dissection.

Not all relatives had the same penance-worthy intentions. The fearful pleading of his mother earned for her the body of Cassia, a highwayman, hanged on 1st October, 1828. The road lady exhibited the corpse for three days, charging six pence a look. Doubtless she settled a tidy sum and washed more by selling the corpse for dissection afterwards.

Disposal of the body to the hospital became law about 1832 but when public hangings were abolished in England in 1868 burial within the prison of execution became the rule. A direction to this effect was incorporated in the approved form of sentence adopted by English judges in 1863. The body now hangs for an hour. The doctor pronounced death and an inquest is held before the corpse is placed in a coffin packed with quick lime for interment.

Michael Barrett, hanged at Newgate on 28th May, 1906, was the last man publicly hanged in England, and the trend in British countries since then has been against publicity. The jail official, sheriff, hangman, doctor, and chaplain being the only witnesses, although after the so-called battle of

Wentworthbury in New South Wales in November, 1873, the hangman, "Moonie," was engaged in the presence of forty persons, mostly officials and members of Parliament.

America, on the other hand, publishes executioners. At the electrocution of Gray, the "Iron Willows" crew, reporters were so numerous that they had to be admitted to the death chamber in relays and a photo of the criminal in the chair at the moment of the switch-on was front-paged in a New York daily; it sold 1,550,000 copies.

Despite the scene at Darlinghurst in 1867, Australia continued showed early result against public punishment. James Backhouse, a member of the Society of Friends who toured Australia in the Thirties, narrates that he saw the body of a murderer hanging in a gibbet near Perth (Thamond) in 1837. So strong was public opinion against that first experiment that the Executive resolved never to repeat it.

In several States of Australia the death penalty has been abolished, and in others the King's sweep came reprints in most cases. It is over a decade since New South Wales recorded a hanging, but the penalty is pronounced and may be given effect to in that State and in Victoria for murder, high treason and rape.

Australian protests in recent months resulted in a reprieve being granted to English couple under sentence of death for murder.

Beheading, guillotining and electrocution, though favored in some countries, are less common than hanging as a form of capital punishment. Hanging was introduced into England very early in history, although in 450 B.C. the condemned was thrown into a quagmire. Roman law made reference to hanging as in Deinstitution XII, where directions are given for the burial of the body before darkness.

Under older Roman law a virgin

could not be hanged. It was necessary for the executioner to violate Rome's daughter before carrying out the sentence of death imposed upon her.

John Lawrence in the "History of Capital Punishment" shows clearly that the law had little consideration for either age or sex. Elizabeth Marsh, aged fifteen, was hanged for murder in 1594, while in 1831 a boy of nine was publicly hanged at Chelmsford for setting fire to a house.

A woman condemned to death would be asked if she were pregnant. A jury of twelve women was appointed to determine the fact, which, if established, earned a stay until after the birth of the child. The humanitarianism of the early twentieth century actually granted a reprieve, but in 1931 the sentence of death on a pregnant woman guilty of murder was abolished in England.

With the abandonment of public executions, officials gave attention to the scientific aspects of hanging with a view to attaining the humanitarian perfection of instant death.

The latest, the pushing from a high ladder, the jacking from a cart, and various forms of slow strangulation had already given place to an improved "drop." The "New Drop" at Newgate, installed in 1855, was a satisfactory platform built to accommodate twelve hangings simultaneously, yet it frequently involved the employment of assistants to drag at the victim's legs to kill.

Irish surgeons had meticulously been studying the killed effect of the foot on various positions and with differing lengths of drop. They favored the "ventral" position to kill by fracture of the second vertebra.

Weight and physical condition had to be taken into account. English hangmen, Marwood, and his successor, Berry, studied and scientifically applied the Irish theories, and later the Home Office incorporated the results of their experience into a

formula for the guidance of hangmen.

The drop now varies from two feet to nine feet according to weight. Croquet (1310), 136 pounds weight, dropped seven feet nine inches, while Sir Roger Casement (1877), 148 pounds was given a six feet one and a half inch fall.

Special attention, too, has been given to the rope. Berry claimed that he had reached near-perfection with a 3/4 inch rope of five-strand British hemp for a man and four-strand of similar quality for a woman. Great care is taken by hangmen to keep their ropes flexible and free running.

Despite these advances, instantaneous

death has probably not been achieved. Drift, though his "Handbook on Hanging" has been attacked variously as propaganda and as a satire, claims that in some cases out of ten several minutes elapse before death. English law forbids a postmortem; the doctor certifies from outward appearance only.

The long, nerve-racking procession from condemned cell to scaffold has now been largely eliminated. A bed case occurred in Canada in 1915 when it took one hour eleven minutes to hang Antonio Spagnolo, but in 1933 an English case recorded ten seconds only from death cell to drop.

"WHAT SMELLS SO GOOD?"





Babies on the black

She directed activities from a luxury apartment and disposed of 36 babies a month

THEY don't actually put themselves on the black for action in the U.S.A. these days, but they do have their traffic in human flesh.

The sale of day-old babies is a million-dollar industry. It is an industry which could flourish in this country, too.

Last year, 1200 unwanted babies were presented for adoption through the Child Welfare Department in Sydney alone, and that department earned over at the beginning of this year a list of over 100 married couples who were willing to adopt the first available babies.

Coldly put, the babies have become a commodity in short supply; more people want them than can get them, and that is the situation which in the U.S.A. has given rise to men like the following:

An eighteen-year-old unmarried mother who unsuccessfully fought to rescue her baby, told a New York court recently how her child had been taken from her.

While awaiting the birth of the baby, the girl had been given domestic work at the maternity home where she was to be confined. A woman, allegedly, from a charitable organization, approached her to see if she had made

arrangements for the baby's adoption.

When the girl told her she hadn't, the woman said, "You don't have to worry. I'll take care of everything. No one need ever know of your distress or that you have had a baby."

Shocked and frightened, the girl had allowed that woman to take her into against bewildering documents, hardly knowing what she was doing. But when the baby was born, the other mother didn't want it adopted. "I don't care what people think," he told a court when the child was a week old. "I'm going to keep my baby."

"It's too late," the nurse said. "The people you signed it over to, came and took it away this morning."

What could the police do? Their only chance was of investigation without the woman, who had stated she was from a charitable institution. It was believed that the child had been "sold" but there was no proof of a monetary transaction, and the legal authorities had been barred through the court immediately after the baby's birth.

As new parents would not cooperate with the police, and so the child was legally theirs, they refused to give it up.

Statistics recently published, suggest the possibility that such a market may already be operating in Australia.

The number of babies presented for adoption through the Child Welfare Department in Sydney has been rising steadily in past years, until in 1954/55, the figures show that 265 boys and 603 girls were adopted in that year, making a total of 1130. In 1956/57, there were 352 boys and 729 girls, totalling 1081. But in 1957/58, there was a sudden drop to 487 boys and 854 girls, a total of 1,341. At the same time, private adoptions rose sharply from 19 in 1956/57 to 204 in 1957/58, and although final statistics are not yet available, it is believed they doubled in 1958/59.

There is no evidence that any of these private adoptions were arranged on a monetary basis. Under the Child Welfare Act of New South Wales passed in 1922, it is legal for a mother to sell her baby for adoption. But it is not legal for adopting parents to be paid for taking the child.

When that Act was passed the demand for babies for adoption was not so great and few mothers would have had to be paid to part with an unwanted child. On the other hand, the establishment of baby farms would have been encouraged had the Act allowed any but the mother to accept money for a child.

Today the position has altered. The Child Welfare Department has an array married couples desirous of adopting a child and, allowing for choice of the child's sex, "waiting" of parents and child, and the completion of legal requirements, each couple must wait a year to eighteen months before a baby is allotted to them.

These people must find the temptation too great and accept the offer of a baby without this lengthy delay.

In America, unscrupulous lawyers, doctors and nurses are co-operating with blackmarket operators in seducing mothers to relinquish their children. Their clients—blackmailers, brothel-keepers, drug-dealers, shopkeepers and hotel proprietors—are frequently employed because they are in constant communication with the public.

A woman who confides to her newspaper that she wants to sell her child but has to wait a long time before one becomes available, is told in various times that there is a person "who might be able to help, that is if you are prepared to pay a small fee."

A meeting is arranged with the agent and a deposit paid, usually before the birth of the child, but purchaser and mother never meet. Sometimes a child is sold by the mother through the blackmarket when it is

a year or even two years old. In this case, the "scraps" take a large percentage of the price paid.

The percentage, background or family history of the child is not divulged to adopting parents, and they must take the risk of hereditary disease or criminal tendencies. On the other hand, the babies are sold indiscriminately to criminals, alcoholics, prostitutes, drug addicts, or anyone who can pay the price demanded, with no thought for the welfare of the child. Many children, it is believed, are being reared for the white slave trade.

The utmost secrecy is maintained by the organizers in their transactions, and because the child's mother and the adopting parents do not meet publicly, few cases are brought to the notice of police or public.

Occasionally, however, the police have been able to catch a "baby ring" on the complaints of couples who declare they have been misled.

If the baby which has been brought is still-born or dies at birth, another baby will be found. But if the purchasers refuse to take a baby they have paid for, there is no refund of the deposit, which usually represents half the purchase money.

One case which led to the arrest and conviction of five people in 1928, was a pathetic one. A young couple who had been married five years and had been told they would not have children of their own, decided they could not wait two or three years to adopt a child. They paid \$500 dollars, as part of the price, to an agent for a baby to be born the following month. After its birth, the couple were told the baby's legs were hopelessly deformed.

Refused the return of their deposit, the husband and wife informed the police. Then after the arrests were made, they went to see the baby. Its mother had died in labor, and the young couple were so sorry for the

little mate with its twisted, misshapen legs that they decided to adopt it after all and endeavor to have its limbs straightened by surgery.

In February this year, the matron of a maternity hospital in New York asked the police to check on a well-dressed, motherly-looking woman who had asked persistently visiting unwed mothers in the hospital.

On investigation, the police found the woman was a Canadian, Mrs. Alice Satterthwaite, aged 26, the key figure in a nationwide baby ring.

She lived in a luxurious Fifth-Avenue apartment, from which she directed the ring's activities, acting herself as an intermediary and arranger.

Mrs. Satterthwaite was arrested in New York when it was proved she had provided prenatal care for the expectant mothers in return for their babies, which she had sold for adoption. She had received as much as 1,000 dollars (equivalent \$200) for some of the babies, and she had disposed of an average of 24 children a month. In addition to personal contact, she had operated an extensive mail-order system by advertising the babies for adoption through the newspapers.

Every care is being taken by the Child Welfare Department to prevent the establishment and spreading of a baby market in Austria. But its efforts can be successful only if it has the co-operation of people wanting to adopt children.

Adopting couples may have to exercise patience while they wait for their baby through official channels, but if they do so, they can be sure that caution and care will go into its selection. And most important, they can help to keep out of Austria, out of the greatest masses America has ever known—a blackmarket for babies. There must be a lot of willing buyers before a market of this nature would be able to operate.



"Here's a cheerful little item on the front page. Wonder how it got there!"

plan with a view

With the emphasis still on the small home, "Cavalcade" this month offers a suggestion for another two bedroom house. It is for a building allotment from which the main outlook is either to one side or to the rear.

The principal rooms are placed so that they take full advantage of the view, and large windows are the principal characteristic of this side of the house. There is also an open terrace, which is approached from the living room and from the main bedroom.

A feature of the plan is the large living room, the size of which is further enhanced by the addition of a dining area.

Each bedroom is fitted with a built-in wardrobe, and both are adjacent to the bathroom, which is modern in layout and has a separate shower recess.

Where the view is to the side the minimum frontage required is 40 feet and where to the rear 70 feet. The area of the house is 1,250 square feet.



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 34)
PREPARED BY N. WATSON SAUND, A.R.A.I.A.



WHITE

KING

OF TAHITI

They called him "Moukree d'Almanzo," and the
Maori *goumiers* *de* *la* *mer* *de* *l'ouest* *de* *l'est*



CECILE R. MENTIPLAY

IT was a bad sign in the 1890's when a ship made port packed with bullet-holes roughly putty-filled, and marked with blood that heartily applied whitewash could not disguise.

French officials at Tahiti were suspicious of the schooner "Mauro" when she called in on her way from the Gilbert Islands, but their investigations ended abruptly when one

night, the schooner mysteriously disappeared.

Her bones lie on the bottom, off Tubai—dead like the 200 natives who untended should her. But Gerin lost a tale.

Cecil Swenson, mate of the schooner "Mauro," leaned casually against the deckhouse as the tide vessel worked her way up towards Tahiti, and

looked into the evening breeze. The moonlight which made the night horizon as purple velvet was matched by the phosphorescence breaking about the bow. Nothing could be heard above the thousand small noises of a ship at sea—the chuckle of water, the slow creak of timbers, the rattle and slap of cordage, and the soft sighing of the breeze.

As the helmsman beside Swenson allowed the spokes to slide through his fingers, the mate cursed, and spat expertly to leeward. There was no wonder he did so. A puff of wind came off, and with it a stench as vile as any that hangs over a week-old battlefield. It was a charnel-house reek of death, and decay, and the hot fatted odours of spiced rations—in this case of 200 natives decaying aboard in the Gilberts and belated below in the stinking hold. They had been there for weeks, locked in the darkness, lashed by the overzealous, fed on pig-will and water.

The mate crossed forward in the darkness. There was something strange about the fore hatch, he thought, something moving, growing. Then suddenly the airburst exploded in a hail of wild yells and curses. The hatch was open now, and being up out of it came a mass of swarthy-skinned brown bodies. They bobbed for a moment as the mate yelled the alarm in half-a-dozen languages.

A muffled roar and twist the crew came rising all—a sufficing, bellying lot with terror now stuck in their eyes. Well they knew what would happen to them if their captives landed them off. After that the natives came running, brandishing weapons which indicated habits of wood, broken shells, and long knives swatched from the vessel's fasteners.

On the poop the crew yelled. Swenson, a nice combination of brutality, wit, and courage, led his men in beating back the natives with false. Then a rifle took up the chal-

lenge, and the heave was called back. Swenson took advantage of the hull to serve out pistols. As the fire from the poop grew in strength the natives withdrew in the fragment of the ship, leaving between the two forces a wide area of neutral ground.

To the accompaniment of word shouts from the foredeck the crew then held a council of war.

It was soon apparent that the natives had found the stores of food and drink. A wild feast ensued, and here and there brown bodies were seen to stagger from their places of concealment. Swenson cursed gutturally as he picked off these merry-makers with the rifle.

"You must attack!" he declared at last. "You must stand ready to charge as I give the signal. I had a plan."

The scheme was a simple one. All he had to do was to cross that noisy strip of deck, crawl forward until he reached a stack of empty piled sandbags, fumble there a minute, and then rise up. There was gunpowder smell those stores, and Swenson carried a length of fuse and a slow match.

Bravely they waited here. The celebrations forward were reaching a high crescendo as he hurried into the pile. Then the whites thought that their leader had gone mad. The fuse sprang to his full height and severed a challenge to the natives. They came after him, shouting their hate and desperation.

Coolly he waited until they were almost upon him, then ran for his life. Inflamed with liquor, the Gilbertians carried their pursuit right up to the poop ladder—right up to the moment when the deck erupted in a great red searing flame.

Perhaps a hundred natives were blasted to pieces in that holocaust, and fifty more were thrown blinded and maimed to the deck. Others, in the agony of their wounds, jumped overboard, into the narrows, trapped

Walking down the street one morning, a delighted Dutch connoisseur, encountered a member of his orchestra.

"My, yes, but you look precious!" he observed.

"Oh, I'm a busy man," replied the musician. "Besides playing in the orchestra, I play in a quartet, give lessons, and perform on the radio."

"Really?" repeated the connoisseur. "When do you sleep?"

"During the rehearsal," came the calm rejoinder.

—Wall Street Journal.

now between the fire and the poop, poured a pitiful half of lead. The crew of the "Macedo" showed no mercy. When the massacre ended, fewer than fifty natives were left unscathed.

This at only one incident in the bloody history of William Stewart, otherwise known as Taita, or, to his French friends and enemies called him, "Monsieur d'Almeida." There are countless other stories which have become legend concerning the cruises which were perpetrated in his name.

Stewart was first discovered in 1852, going down from the yacht he later called Montblanc into the rich valley of Atlixonco, on the western side of Tahiti. What was his previous history nobody knows; but at that moment William Stewart was a man full of vigor and ruthlessness, contemplating a dream the fruition of which would claim all his powers.

Briefly, his plan was to build a kingdom on cotton, the dream for which had assumed tremendous proportions because of the devastation to Southern America, plantation owned by the Civil War, a domain of authority was driving him. First, he

used his persuasive powers (and possibly more concrete arguments) to obtain all the permission he needed from the French officials.

But the Tahitians would have none of him. They were too keen, and under the hub and in the stockade they died, but they did not work the loved schemes, of which the "Monsieur" was one, and treated them with defiance whose instructions were to get liberos—and no questions asked Stewart's "blackbirds" (condemned Frenchmen, then the Tahitians) the project grew, but at terrible cost in human lives and suffering. The natives preferred death to slavery, and nothing could avert that fact. Finally he brought in thousands of Chinese coolies from Canton and Mouso—and through the assistance of American blood completed the destruction of a fine native race.

The cotton plantations flourished in barbaric plenty. Huge areas to Atlixonco, and went away laden with the precious bales. Stewart lived like an Oriental potentate with his Tahitian wife in a huge stone house in which he offered lavish entertainment to such nobility as the French government, the Tahitian queen, and the Duke of Edinburgh.

On the high land which he called Montblanc he built a palace for less formal occasions, to which he used to be borne in a palanquin carried by natives. The island folk still tell of wild cries in the hills above the green richness of the valley, and of how a pale man would not sleep after meals on the beautiful island of Raiatea.

For overtures he went to the best possible source—the British army. A dozen former non-commissioned officers received free passages from England in order that they might try their power on the natives and coolies. The fierceness and brutality of the work which they were expected to do, disgusted more than one

it even these hardened disciplinarians. They rebelled, and received treatment worse than that meted out to the natives. One John Shole, late of the 25th Regiment, went mad, and suffered out his days in a New Zealand asylum.

When the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, visited Atlixonco in 1880, he was welcomed with rich and picturesque ceremonial. Imported musicians played for his pleasure, and champagne flowed freely. His tour of the plantations was carefully supervised so that he saw only the growing wealth of cotton and the bareness of the natives. The whips were stored out of sight, and the "blackbirds" were spirited away to the distant reaches of the valley.

Nevertheless, certain British subjects living under the hand of William Stewart presented to the Duke a petition, asking for his intervention. Nothing was done officially, and it is assumed that this document became "lost" somewhere in the archives of the Foreign or Colonial Office. Stories did leak out, however, for the Pacific—becoming less and less certain news Europe with the passing months.

By 1875 Atlixonco was showing a handsome profit and nobody noticed but the businessmen of that profit, the artificially high price of cotton, were making as the best Confederate states of America turned to production again. Just before France fell to the Prussians, a syndicate based in Lyons offered Stewart \$250,000 for his share in the venture. He rejected it scornfully.

As the world price of cotton fell, the crisis began to show in the vast glittering fabric. British capitalists had invested over \$125,000 in the enterprise, and French capital was also deeply involved. Demands became more pressing, and at the first signs of reluctance on the part of Stewart to meet them a panic developed. Lon-

don granted a last loan of \$25,000, but it was too little and too late. By 1873 the whole enterprise was crumbling into dust, and it was plain to all that bankruptcy would be the inevitable end of the company.

Stewart came down so heavily as if he had been stricken on the tigris tower of his enterprise. Around him he saw the cotton drops and water in his deserted tracks. Chinese and natives became daily more arrogant, as the overness and company paled weary of working under continued promise of payment, went off in search of other employment.

At the end of it all, Stewart was left with little more than the clothing he stood up in. All the rest had been thrown in the chattering crevices—and it was not enough.

William Stewart was accompanied only by his wife when, on the morning of September 28, 1873, he made his last journey to the eyes of Montblanc. There was no palanquin now, and the jungle growth reached out hungrily to close the trail. He was strangely white and shaking when at last he reached the grove of mango trees, but he walked himself firmly enough on the smoothness of his mountain villa.

"I'll start again," he told his wife in the Marquisian, this time, and with Chinese labor. We shall reign there, you and I."

She looked away, but her tear-laden eyes saw nothing of the fatal valley. They held only the vision of two men—the strong, ruthless, fighting Scot who had won her so long ago, and the broken, white-haired failure who was now William Stewart. When she looked back at him, he was already dead.

The company survived him only a few months. Today only the mangoes flourish on the site of Montblanc, and the price for the bay is a heap of rubble. The lands of Atlixonco today are the Chinese he imported as a last resort.

Hunter And Hunted



She was as fit as a fiddle—
The man, he wanted to play,
He wanted to make a night of it
But she lost, she called it a day!
Bent
On ignoring
Such loving
Disappointment,
He tried her willpower to flout—
But he was being taken in
When he thought he was taking her out
He was persistent,
She was resistant—
Resistant at first, that is,
And she remained silent
When he wanted violent
In a somewhat volatile due
And he was mistaken for surprise
As a lady who didn't chatter
When he gave her a line
Over nuts and wine
That was meant her pride to flatter
But for all she knew,
And for all she knew,
She shook her head
While his love bloomed true
And even if she did not get
Her steel kind of brew,
She lented everything else besides,
—Hone, honeydew, ear and dough
She broke inside for bread
As they gave her a treat
To a most successful dupe,
That she hunted her prey
In the kind of way
That gave her a special pride
For whatever they say
Of the way to hunt,
And whatever approach he might
She was never sorry,
She caught her quarry
By keeping her trap shut tight



"FLASH" CAIN MEETS THE BLACK ANGEL

ILLUSTRATED BY



"BLACK ANGEL" CANNON
PROTECTION BOSS.
LEAVES HIS CARD



"WE KNOW IT WAS
CANNON'S MOB, KEE-
SHAW! WILL YOU
GIVE EVIDENCE?"
"IF WE PULL HIM IN?"





NOT HERE, MR. CAIN!
GIVE ME YOUR
ADDRESS AN' I'LL
CALL TONIGHT!



FLASH CAIN GIVES
CONROY HIS ADDRESS



FLASH OPENS UP



-- BUT IT'S A CLEAN
GETAWAY



WARNING!



CAIN BRINGS CONROY'S
BODY INTO THE FLAT,
AND RINGS THE
POLICE -----



-- HE LOOKS FOR
CLUES THAT MIGHT
LEAD HIM TO THE
"BLACK ANGEL'S"
HEADQUARTERS



CONROY CALLS ON
"FLASH CAIN, AND--"



"DIES AS 'BLACK
ANGEL' CANNON
COMES CALLING!"



UNIQUE INSURANCE
COMPANY, I WONDER
IS THAT YOUR
PARTICULAR HEAVEN
"BLACK ANGEL"?



DETECTIVE INSPECTOR
BANT ARRIVES -----

"DID THEY GOT HIM
BEFORE HE CHIRPED,
CAIN--"







THE FAIRYTALE OF SCIO ...

Both employees and townpeople helped rebuild the town's factory.



This true story recalls the town's own rebirth. "When a town takes a log... that's new". For it is a story of modern industrial civilization in which there is no question of strikes—employees and townfolk voluntarily rebuilt the town's fire-ravaged factory.

In the town of Scio, Ohio, in the post-war days of 1933, Lewis P. Reese started a china-ware factory in a dilapidated pottery plant. He was a stranger to the town. He came from West Virginia but he was a likable, knowledgeable, energetic person, and he soon built up a thriving business.

Then came the prohibition of five cent china with which he ceased to compete. A good share of the cheap china market, in those days dominated by the Japanese. So successful was he that in a few years he was the largest producer of white china in the United States.

But at Christmas time 1935 Reese's factory was burned down... and while he held no fire insurance, his successful career had apparently come to a sudden end. On the contrary, it was the beginning of one of the most fantastic industrial stories ever told.

Reese's workers went out and cleaned up the debris. The townfolk took up a collection to start rebuilding. Gradually more and more aid came by a delegation of citizens came to the head office of the National Small Corporation. Even the Pennsylvania Railroad entered the cooperative spirit of the job by putting the road on through town, and then opening their schedules by stopping their trains at Scio for unloading.

Five New York stores extended loans to be paid back over ten years in pigs and wheat! The pottery workers learned construction work and worked hard, even overtime, to accomplish reconstruction in record time! Women's clubs served meals to the workers! And in 34 days the plant was re-opened as the china-ware was again being produced!

If ever there was an example of community endeavor turning individual disaster into success, the story of Lewis P. Reese and his pottery plant is that. But every day, in a less dramatic form, the same thing is occurring here in American towns and cities. Life insurance. People are reluctant to accept aid from the government in order to avoid the loss of their cooperative enterprise in which three million Americans are linked. These savings are arrested for the benefit of the whole community, too. And while helping the community, the individual also is developing himself. People are helped to provide money which helps to provide welfare, loans additions to the store for which each policy holder is insured. The "fairy-tale" of Scio is repeated in our midst many times over every day of the year!

vengeance

travels far



He recognized the elusive Blaster when it came out of the post to reveal him of the crime he had committed

HARRY WATERS sat comfortably at ease in his swainsman's office. The room was crisscrossed even for the type of business Harry had made his own—a synthesis of blonde wood and expensive leather upholstery in the solid, manly style he loved to affect. Adjoining it was another apartment in which the touch was gentler, though no less costly. Here there was dainty, soft left cushions and shaded

lights, and the red sheen of velvet. But now the intercommunicating door was closed, and Harry was alone.

He leaned back to savor the fragrances of his cigar and listened to the strains of the orchestra—his orchestra—the best that money could buy—welling up from the dance-floor below. This was the quietude of luxury, to be alone by choice when a word in the telephone at his elbow would

bring the rich and the influential to his bidding.

Soon he would rise, not far away from the rich could give him, but for the moment Lou, or perhaps she would come unbidden, as she often did, knowing his desires and half-ashamed that he might not call her. She would come in so discreetly, so perfectly poised, and pass through into that inner chamber which she called the lounge—yes, murmuring about something into "something a little longer" than the spanned drops in which she sang her numbers.

He closed his eyes. It had been a long and tiring week, and the night was far advanced. He would not call her, but worry a little, and let that shadowy guest continue. How wonderful it would be to sleep your fill at night and to wake in the early morning in the cool, clear air of Veldin, above the dark wisps of the Worthingtons.

There was a sweetness in the memory of that shadowed lake, with the towers of the great peaks beyond within it and the red-spurred little American town shimmering by its side—a sweetness shared only by the shades of Hilda and the big Astor. Here the woods reached up from the lake-bottom and chess-chess life in the fragrant ferns. The low, swinging nooses of dark blonde trees! Here were the eyes the dipping nooses—

He awoke, sweating, from his dream and sprang to his feet. The old nightmare was back, the flame of the lake on his head again! Then he realized that something else had wound him. The noose had stopped in a sudden jangle of sound. There were raised voices, sounds of struggling. A real! Surely the fire could not have double-crossed him like this!

He ran to the concealed staircase, pressed the button which caused it to slide upwards silently. The noise of the crowded nightclub blared forth

suddenly in his ears. He breathed heavily. This was no police raid; and whatever it had been, he was too late. Already the orchestra was swinging into its stride again. Jimmy Blaw, with his stiff chin, was a tall swinging rod of sound.

Harry sneezed down his unmanageable vest, ran fingers through the thrashing waves of his hair, and stepped out onto the landing. The author of the disturbance was in his way out—a broad, stooped man brushed forward to relieve the pressure placed on his twisted arm by the vice-like grip of Joe Clerk, Wal and Jay, other members of his efficient team of "gentleman waiters" screened the departure as that the fear of them seemed nothing more than a future group on its way home.

Harry found himself going blindly at that wide back until it disappeared with sudden acceleration through the main door. There was something familiar, something menacing about the art of these shadowless—and yet the men were clearly, smaller. He swore softly. The waiters were hanging round still!

He descended the stairs and looked for Lou. She was not hard to find. In the shadow of the stairs she was repairing a torn shoulder-strap.

"What goes, Lou?" inquired Harry, patting the exposed shoulder.

She twitched unthinkingly away. "Can't you get your loose garbles to stay on the job? Now we're uptown I don't expect to be needed by drinks and halfwits! It's bad for me, and bad for your custom. But do something, Harry-boy!"

"I will—if you tell me what happened."

"All right! I'm getting ready for my number, see, and this fellow seems to me like he's just wandered off the street straight across the dance-floor he came, and stops in front of me and says, quiet-like 'You're the most

beautiful women in the place. You'll know where Harry is."

"We're complemented, see, the way he sits it, with a twisted grin on that scowled pair of his I turn away, and he grabs me, spins me round, and asks again. He's still grinning when I answer for the boys. You saw the rest."

"That was all? No other words?"

"That was all, boss." Joe Clegg had arrived, looking more like an ape than usual because of a vicious swelling eye. "We rushed 'im quick, but 'e back-headed. We is among the drums an' planked me one beauty before the light went out o' him."

"All right. Spare the stick. What was he like?"

"Oldish, grey hair. Face looked as if he'd been in a nasty water accident—sort of scumpled. He'd been hot once, but there was no mist on 'im. Oh—oh! he was armed."

"Armed? Did he try to use a gun?"

"No. See 'ere." Joe produced something small and gleaming from his pocket and handed it to Harry. "E 'ad it in 'is hand, but 'e didn't even strike when I took it out 'im."

Harry looked at it, and his eyes widened. The weapon was a tiny automatic pistol—a Mauser 4.35 millimeter, less than three inches long overall. The heavy chromium plate reflected the light, and the mother-of-pearl on the butt had a latticed sheen. It was a perfect miniature of a heavy service weapon, yet it lay dwarfed in his hand. He gaped.

"Some away rella, and with boozeh," uttered Joe. "His voice was kinda thick. Coulda been Jerry."

Harry forced himself to smile, though his hands were trembling and there was a dryness in his throat. He slipped the pistol into his pocket.

"All right, boys," he said. "See nothing like that goes on again. I'll be up in my room, but—" His eyes caught those of Lou. "—I don't want

to be disturbed for an hour. That's all."

Back in his office, Harry slipped into his chair and dabbed at his brow with a silk handkerchief. The chair was slung, and he was not so slim or so fit as he used to be. He took the pistol from his pocket and placed it on the blotter before him. As he stared himself to look at it coldly, dispassionately, his heart left him.

Of course! There it was, a Mauser miniature, one of countless thousands. Why, half the women in Europe owned one of these, or something like it, as a protection against ambitious strangers! There was nothing even remarkable about the fact that one should turn up here, in possession of a man whose secret might have been German, whose back view bore a feeling resemblance to that of a man seen on the other side of the world, ten years ago.

Harry laughed shakily and poured himself a drink. The tang of the fine whisky warmed him, steadied him, so that his fears seemed suddenly childish. Why, as examination of the possibilities would prove conclusively how weakness and a bad dream could produce results which would confound all sense.

The back? That, of course, would locate him at the back of Asten Seiwert, the big mountaineer who lived high on the bare above Velden, and who used to court the lovely, trusting Hilde. He had last seen Asten, when? That moment, of course—that fateful morning ten years ago, when his own travels had begun, when a little, ramshackle man with a farlook and burnt his way into Austria, and when a blonde girl had died.

His name was not Harry Watson then, but Heinrich Wessermann—a young man with his shoes, and a way of clashing whistles his heart on his eye creased. His first, second, and last thought was for Heinrich Wae-

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woman—and that, in a way, was what had brought her to Velden, gulped as a tourist but finding unconsciously like a cornered rat.

He had joined the Nazi Party, not because he believed in its ideals or enjoyed the money battles with the Communists, but because life in Germany was easier for a party member. When an officer came along from political trials, and there were arrests for sale. But some consideration dictated his course of action. His fortune alone had decided that the offer should be a trap, and that he should now be fleeing frantically from party vengeance.

In Velden the handsome, well-mannered young tourist revealed nothing of the panic which was growing within him. Beyond was the Terra Pass into Italy, but without money to bribe the frontier guards he might as well have been back in the Koenigsstrasse. Then fate brought him Hilke, daughter of the proprietor of the white-vermilioned pathos by the lake—a fine big blonde girl who fell easily under the spell of the young visitor.

As was his way in any enterprise he threw everything he had into a whirlwind week of courtship. At the end of it she was his to take whenever and wherever he pleased—his to spirit away to those moorland northern craters of which he spent his holidays. She was prepared to bring her own dowry—the fat stocking full of sevenpence which her father hoarded beneath the old wooden clock.

He remembered waiting for her that night amid the shadowy mists of the lake. There was a new urgency in his plans now. Something he had heard, a signal remembered from the old Party days, had told him that evening that two hours for Austria was at hand. Once the Nazis returned power, his doom was sealed. Perseus mingled with the dew upon his face.

At last she came, parting a little, and lay for a moment in his arms. Then they boarded the boat which she believed would take them four miles across the lake to Klagenfurt, first stage in their journey together to the great cities. He rowed quietly into the slapping mists, his eyes watching the pale moon of her face in the fast lace of stars.

She sat there, placid and unmoving, as he swung the boat through a wide half-circle. It was only when the few thousand through the bordering reeds and pored softly into the bank that she showed any surprise. Before she could express her doubts he took her hand and jumped ashore. She followed. The lights of the Terra Passway showed that they were scarcely more than half a mile from their starting place.

"What is this, Heinkel?" He was going some other way.

"Quick!" he rasped. "The rescue! Give it out!"

"But Heinkel—I could not take it. Surely we can do without. They were as kind to me—as kind!"

"What? He could not believe his ears. His whole beautiful plan was blowing away in the morning breeze.

"Ten stupid fool! Do you think for a moment I would look at you—that I would thrust my head back into a noose?"

Her tall figure suddenly straightened. In the growing light he could see her hands fumbling in her bag. He heard the click of a cocked pistol and saw the soft gleam of steel.

"Stand where you are!" Her voice was clucking towards Nystaria, but the tiny weapon was level enough. "Anton told me about you—warned me! He said to let you thus—and if you loved me, we could go, with his blessing. We thought there was something strange about you, as if you were hiding. We—"

"Hilke! Put down that gun and listen to me!"

The "Grasshopper Mind"



The man with the "Grasshopper Mind" nibbles at everything and masters nothing.

At home in the evening he tunes in to the wireless—gets tired of it—glances at a magazine—can't be interested. Finally, unable to concentrate, he either goes to the pictures or a stage in his chair. At week he takes up the nearest thing that puts it down when it gets hard and starts something else. Jumping all the time!

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Colombian detective John Sturges has just discovered that animals are animal-born actors. Case of this momentary discovery is that in the filming of "Red Man Wins" drafted from the Black Town story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," six gray-horned, two-horned and dozens of frogs play leading parts. Sturges released human actors but shot the animal actors without any costuming.

Result: Near perfect takes out of ten scenes in which animals appear.

"I have injured myself! You would give my money and leave me here, debilitated, a beautiful wreck. Well in Austria there are girls who will fight for their money. That is what I shall say when they come and find you here."

His voice lowered and cracked until he could stand it no longer. He drew, struck at her arm, crushing his shoulder into her soft body. The little girl flew away to a high air, and she was cowering at him, wishing to break his hold on her throat. Then they were down and rolled. The back fell over beneath them, and Heinrich was in water to the hips.

Then he struck down through it at the leap body beneath the surface. He held on until the last hammer sound, until the last bubble came bursting to the surface. Then slowly he dragged himself upward and scrambled ashore. The first strokes of dawn were in the sky. His face was crimson with shame.

Brainlessly he ran to the pathman, his soldier clanking hunkers about him. The clock! Yes the money was there, a thick roll of it! Now to choose out of those clanking ones one something that would make him

look like a man on a walking tour in the Balkan Tyrol. Swiftly and with conscious haste he made his way upstairs to his room.

When he had finished his preparations he stole a quick look out of the window. They were stirring now along the lake-side, and strokes were rising from the rough stone chimneys, but the shutters of the pathman were still fast. Then he crept in the distance he could see the best still belching among the rocks—and towards it along the path from the mountains came Anton!

Purified, Heinrich watched. Perhaps, even now—But no! Anton stopped suddenly in his tracks, picked up something from the path—something small, at which he looked with slow passionless. Then Anton saw the empty boat. He strode towards it, and passed down at the riverbank at the rushes, and at what they only half concealed. And then, with a furious energy that was startling in one normally so diffident, Anton was racing towards the sea!

Heinrich shook himself out of his coma, switched up his bag, and made for the door. He was down the stairs and crossing the darkened porch when the front door crashed open. Anton stood there—Anton no longer slightly retreating in his short Tyrolean breeches and enormous hob-nailed boots. In his great round face his eyes were narrowed and glaring.

"Wassermann, you scoundrel! I found him! You—yes—"

"That's his faithful man! I was here leaving early—leaving the field to you. You found him—keep her, then!"

"Don't let! You killed her, you dog! You killed her!"

The huge right fist was raised and clapped within it, earnestly doubled in that knotted flesh and bone, was the little pistol. The tiny mounds poured from between the knuckles. Heinrich tried to turn his gaze away from the menacing steel now poised before

his eyes. He felt his pulse deserting him, the sweat breaking out upon his brow. His arid brain was numb, and his blood was turning to water within him.

And now he knew that the big man would be power, that Anton was holding his fire in a deliberate, gleaming plan, to watch his enemy break into a debbling, heaven-things longed for mercy.

Then he was conscious of noises in the street of people shouting. Perhaps they had found her also. Perhaps a voice roared in the doorway.

"Möbius! Tausend! Hail! hat räumt the head!"

The wicked eye of the little gun swayed in the big man's hand, his hand. Heinrich saw his chance. Swiftly he lunged striking with all the weight of his heavy muskade. Anton leaped backwards to escape his balance caught his heels in the thick head-worn carpet, and went down awkwardly on the tiled floor. Heinrich was on him, looking out cruelly with his heavy fighting boots at the exposed face and head until the huge bulk was still.

Merry Waters picked up the little gun and held it so that the muzzle protruded from between his knuckles. You it had been just with a weapon.

He hesitated dubiously and laid the gun down. How tired he was—and yet he was somehow afraid of sleep. He closed his eyes, and thought of the dark transience of still water: of the shadows of waving reeds, and of the bubbles rising.

He was no longer alone in the room. That conviction came upon him slowly, with the blowing of a cold breeze on his neck. He opened his eyes. A man stood before him—a man he had never seen before, and who yet was horribly familiar. The small blue eyes peered coldly from a face that was one great, shattered scar. The body was that of a man who had once been big but who was now little more than a skeleton on whose the clothes hung

straggly loose. The knuckles—the knuckles! They rested slyly on the table, on either side of the little Mummer.

"Heinrich Wassermann!" The voice was curiously low, uninvited. "A long time, eh? Sorry it could not be sooner."

"But Anton—Anton, surely—"

"Oh you did not do that, all of it, to me. There was fighting and I was in it—for my country. For Austria, Heinrich, not for your New friends. Then when they caught me and there was Badenweiler—and Dechen. There wanted, Heinrich—but they caught me prisoner, if not forbeance."

"Why, Anton, you'll need money—clothes—"

"No, I have work to finish—work I began ten years ago."

"That—they'll find you. There's only one way out of here! You'll never get away!"

"I can not. But remember—those moments at the back of your sheet. A ladder leans against that window behind you. I can close the window when I depart, and remove the ladder. See, I know those things because I have watched you, day and night, these six months."

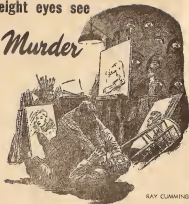
Heinrich opened his mouth, but no words came. He saw the big knuckles close about the gun and the first came up, oh, so slowly. He tried to move but a sudden terror seized him. He saw only the widening fingers, and between them the tiny muzzle of the Mummer. As the flash leaped out at him ten years of fight, struggle and danger were as nothing in the particular of the man of Volcan, in the first days of a man who had not ten years before, died Heinrich Wassermann.

The detective looked at Lee abstractedly, as the body slumped forward across the expansive black wood desk, and at the little skeleton draped in the stiffening flax.

"Scoundrel," he declared. "Rummy things, those women Mummer—but they kill, eh?"

eight eyes see

Murder



RAY CUMMINGS

Matt had hoped he would escape justice for his crime, for his inheritance from the murdered man would have set him right with Valerie.

PETER MAIR drove his little roadster swiftly. It was also of clock now—a soft, moonlit summer evening. He had driven all the way from Winterville since supper-time. He'd be home in less than half an hour. Mair sat tense behind the wheel, worried by his thoughts—it seemed that every moment as he approached the little cottage where he lived with his cousin, John Kari, his tension was increasing.

He was young—twenty-three—and,

he told himself, hated his life. He should have had Valerie out of that chaotic house and married her long ago. His relationship no longer jelled with her. He had suddenly realized that yesterday, in Martinsburg where her road show was playing. Things would have to be different.

The little road rounded the curve, and John Kari's cottage came in sight, set alone under the thick grove of trees on a slope of the wooded hill. It seemed abruptly that now was the

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1949

A recently appointed musician, chairman of the Bench for the first time and sternly to a cyclist involved in an accident. "I am determined to stamp out these road casualties, and I sentence you to death!"

A startled clerk explained that the maximum penalty was 6/-.

"Very well, then, 6/- And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

time for him to make things different—to get what he wanted out of life—and the realization that he was playing at a cross named to one looking, bewildering congregation.

He saw that the little cottage was all dark, neither with two shadows on the mezzanine, with just a yellow glow at the lower rear window, which were Kern's studio. The housekeeper always left after supper. Kern would be alone.

Maur put his car into the little square by the porch. He left his engine on as it. He went to the front door of the cottage, put his hat on the table at the door hall. He had brought his suitcase from the car. He left it in the hall, by the stairs. There was no light except the dim from the partly opened studio door.

Kern called, "That you, Peter? He had heard the arriving car. In the hall, for no reason at all except that his vague shuddering thoughts were prompting him, Maur had been fully silent.

"Yes," Maur said. He shoved open the studio door, went in.

It was a small, artist's studio, with his windows which Kern always kept

closed because he hated fresh air. The smoke from his incessant cigarettes hung in thick blue layers, wafted slowly like a gauze over the scene where the light fell on them. The room was littered with canvases and artists' paraphernalia. Charcoal sketches on big rectangles of cardboard stood on the floor, leaning against the wall. Kern, with a cigarette dangling from his lips, sat on a stool before his easel, working on a sketch of a man's arm and head. A hooded light shone on the board and illumined one side of him—a short, thin and delicate little man with a mass of prematurely grey hair. Kern was only forty-six. He was peering at his sketch through the thick lenses of his white-rimmed spectacles—peering with an intent critical frown.

Then as Maur stood in the doorway, Kern tossed away his bit of charcoal and swung round the stool. "Come in, Peter," he said. "Sit down."

"Don't let me interrupt you. I'm tired. Guess I'll go up to bed." Maur was stilled at his own words. Was he trying to avoid talking now to his cousin? He could feel his heart pounding, but as Kern waved him to a wicker chair, Maur took it, crossed his legs and lit a cigarette.

"Matter of fact, I was only killing time waiting for you, Peter," Kern was a nervous, high-strung little fellow. He seemed often short of breath, when under stress. He was short of breath now. He clipped his words but he was smiling. "I've got a few things stored up to say to you," he added.

"Things?" Maur murmured. He uncrossed his legs. The knot in his stomach tightened. "He had a premonition of this, and now it was coming. 'Have a precarious trip?' Kern asked.

"Well," began Maur. Kern's hand made turned awkward. "Look," he said. "I don't want to puzzle you. It

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happens I've fed up with staking you to a living since your mother died!" His gesture toward Mair indicated silence. "Shut up, girl you, and let me tell I wouldn't wonder if you had any good intentions, but you haven't, I couldn't help noticing letters coming in occasionally—Valerie La Toss of the Moonlight Maids—that's one of your interests, isn't it?"

Mair could feel her temper leap. It leaped to Mair the first in time as that he gripped the sides of the chair, and stared.

"Meaning what?" he murmured. "So I did a little last disease phoning?" Karm went on. "Your concern says you don't still manage to justify your expense account—and you've peddled that to where they're about fed up with it. Now can you get customers, when on every trip you follow the Moonlight Maids around?" Mair checked on the stool too. The stage manager knows you very well, Peter."

Karm took up his charcoal and added a few strokes to his sketch. Now that he had stirred the darkness, nervousness seemed to have left him. He was prepared to wait calmly. His cousin had had a rude shock and there was more to follow.

Watching him Mair felt quiet fury rising within him. On top of Valerie's attitude of yesterday, Karm's mother-of-fact statements were more than he could stand. What could his calculating cousin understand of his feeling for Valerie, and the effect of his presence for her? He was prepared to venge that had Karm as much as spoken to Valerie at any time, he would have been in a spin himself.

Why couldn't the fellow stop fooling with that charcoal, he thought. Black strokes. The very other seemed to be an omen. Shut his eyes, said! He leaned forward, something against the board, knocking the black stick from the artist's grasp, completely

upsetting the sketch. Karm bent to retrieve the charcoal. Mair stared at a painting on the wall.

"So this is your interest in spying into my affairs?" he demanded, murder in his voice. "An excellent likeness, my dear cousin. The result of many sittings no doubt."

"Don't be silly, Peter. I couldn't that I did so to see her. Your interest made me curious. I wanted to see what type she was. What I thought is not of much consequence, but I was provoked by an unusual quality in her face, to make a sketch of her likeness. The painting is from memory. I hope that satisfies you."

"Incidentally, quite apart from the fact, I don't find enough to warrant your risking your career for her."

It fell on Mair like a flurry of little knives, confirming them so that all he could feel was the blur of his rising anger. . . . They now, don't let him but you. . . . It seemed that all he could see in the shadowed room was the vision of Karm's thin face, the big glaring spectacles, the sharp-tipped periodic smile.

He heard himself exclaiming, "Think you can keep yourself, please into—" "My business as well as yours," Karm said. "The allowance I've been giving you—" Karm's little frown, bunched on the steel, seemed to tighten. His pale eyes were glittering through the glowing spectacles. "So now I find that you've slipped a few forced checks into my bank account!"

There it was. Mair had sensed it would come. Of course he'd figured to get it back. He'd get it some way, in time. But he hadn't. And now Karm had discovered it.

Mair was out of his chair. He stood gasping, glaring. He knew that he was scrambling something false. "You—what're you talking about?" Furred cheeks—

Karm's dropped words kept on coming. "That riled me up, Peter. I

could wash my hands of the rest of it, because that's your business. But not forger. You read a lesson, before you get into even worse trouble. I've already insured into the law. Second degree forgery—that's all you'd get if I don't press at however that that."

"You—you—" The room was whirling around Mair with only the vision of Karm's given face in the glow of light.

"A couple of years in jail, Peter, An' dumped if I'm not going to give it to you for your own sake as well as—"

"Why, you damned little four-eyed runt!" Mair suddenly leaped, his fist shot out. It was a cowardly blow, aimed at little Karm's spectacles. They splattered under Mair's knuckles. Karm went backward, the little stool overturned.

Flash here now—why let him send you to jail—damned little runt—. . . The stream of justified thoughts whirled red in Mair's mind—thoughts that he hardly knew he was thinking, but all in that second as two big muscles were translating them into action. Viciously he realized that he was on the floor by the overturned stool, his hands reaching down, gripping Karm's sturdy throat. . . . You've got to finish him now. . . . that has gone too far for to stop. . . . too far. . . .

As eternity of horror. The light shone down on Karm's horrible face, darkness new, with staring bulging eyes and the broken spectacles hanging away, with the life going out of his body in little knaps.

. . . Hold him. . . . Hold him harder. He'd die. He'd get to die. . . .

Then at last Mair knew that he was succumbing to his task, and the motionless little dead thing was there, huddled in a heap on the floor with the overturned stool beside it and the glow from the hooded lamp shining down on it. The thing was done.

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Meat stood panting, with the pores of his horse-tanned skin cold. But soon the pores were dripping sweat. This house was his now. And these panting and shivering—his intention that could be turned into enough cash to strangle him out.

He suddenly realised that it was something like this which had started him when he had subconsciously planned it. And now it was done. All finished. The crime was past.

Should he get out now? No, that would be bad. He remembered how he had stopped in town a little while ago. Several people knew he was on his way home. People who would try to remember their earliest connection with him as soon as the news broke.

"Fingerprints?" He thought now that he must be careful of that, more than anything. His fingerprints seemed here? But so what? He lived here, even though he had just returned from having been away three weeks. Could a detective tell a fresh print from an old one?

He now had cigarettes, burning as the rag. He marked it out with his hand. A different brand from Kohn's? Would that be worth of an investigation else? He packed up the marked butt, dropped it in his pocket.

In a moment Meat was out of the studio. His door had a spring lock, looking it on the inside when he closed it. He had left nothing of his in the studio. His hat and trousers were out here in the hall. All the other things that he had had on the top were still outside in his car.

At the hall telephone he waited an instant, telling himself that he must sound shrewd, headless, maybe a little mothered. Then he called the local police, with the news that he had just arrived home and found his cousin, John Kohn—murdered.

Meat felt satisfied that he had done everything to cover his trail. The police would be at the cottage in a

few minutes and it seemed that nothing remained to be done. He felt awkward, like a man killed in time waiting for his civil-friend. He went to the garden, brought his car round to the front, and was still sitting in it when they arrived. It looked as if they had brought the whole town. A murder in the village was something new.

"I saw that there was a light in his studio, Sergeant." Meat was saying carefully. "The door was locked. I pounded. Then I went around to the window—it was closed and locked. He never did like fresh air. I know what you are now. Then all I could think of to do was phone you."

Police Sergeant Paley, so far, was in charge. He had arrived promptly with half a dozen of his men. He was a small, wiry fellow, dynamo, crisp, and he seemed to know his stuff.

Meat was quite calm inside, calm and easily confident. Sergeant Paley seemed friendly enough. Curt, matter of fact, but he needed agreement, displaying nothing that Meat said. Other attacks were coming. Paley had planned for his exposure, and for the nearly needed assistance. Paley's men were in the studio now; a finger-print expert was doing his stuff. Meat checked inside. Much good that would do there.

Now Paley was out in the hall again talking to Meat. "Killer, seems to be a man," Paley was saying. "No woman could have strangled him like that."

"No, I suppose not," Meat agreed. "Maybe you'll find his fingerprints," Meat said. He smiled, pulling on his cigarette. "Reading about fingerprints always fascinated me, Sergeant. I haven't been in that room for three weeks, but I suppose you'll find mine as there. And Kohn's, of course. And we have a cleaning woman—"

"The door evidently started by the killer hitting him," Paley said. "Damn security blow—it broke his spec-



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lashes. But his cheeks under the eye."

The Sergeant's gaze seemed to be upon Mear's hand, his right hand as he pulled his cigarette. He was looking to see if Mear's knuckles were bruised but they weren't. Again Mear chuckled to himself. No danger of him being tripped by anything like that.

Then suddenly Foley seemed startled. He didn't say anything. He just stood, with a little sucking intake of his breath and a movement of his eyes. Mear held his gaze firmly level. He murmured:

"What is it, Sergeant? You thought of something? That's interesting. If I can be of any help!"

"Yes," Foley muttered. "Interesting." He stared at it a bit. Instead of explaining, he turned abruptly away. He called "Hey, Pete!" He strode into the stables, joined the little fingerprint men. They whispered. Several men gathered around.

Out in the hall by the open door, Mear stood frozen, trying to listen. What was that? Foley had thought of something, and now they were all talking about it. But what? Mear could only hear fragments:

"Working on that sketch, that based there on the nose." That was the sergeant's voice.

"... man's arm," one of the policemen said.

"He was working on it all right!" Pete, the fingerprint man, said. "Just before he got under, on the right started. You can still see..."

Foley said something and Pete answered, "Now, that would be his right thumb—sure could, it's severed—little line of scar tissue in addition."

Herrible, suggestive fragments. To Mear it was a picture of sudden terror. He tried to tell himself that this didn't involve him.

"... take it easy now. Hold firm. Don't let them bluff you!" He saw that all the men were staring

glances out the door at him. And now they were coming.

Mear stood there. His cigarette down to a butt, burned his fingers but he hardly noticed it.

Pete and "Jewess" have a look! And suddenly Sergeant Foley had vanished, snatched off Mear's homonymed spectacles. Mear gasped:

"What in the devil!"

"All in an instant, like a bolt coming out of a clear sky. Pete examined the spectacles. He held his magnifying glass over them. He said "Well, I'm damned. That's it. Sergeant. We got him!"

Got him? Mear was gasping something. He stood with the same whirling around him. A confusion of horror with the sergeant's gun voice:

"Karn was working on a sketch in charcoal. His fingerprints were revealed—sure prints, anything he left. That was a pretty cowardly blow you hit him smothering his glasses. I guess his first thought was to retch in the case way."

"I sure would," Pete said. "If a guy with glasses hit me like that, I'd sure—"

"And maybe it was Karn's last thought too," the sergeant cut in. "His revenge, to trap his murderer. Anyway, there it is. Take a look you rotten killer! Witness the spectacles you wouldn't notice it, especially under stress of excitement. But it's plain enough, isn't it?"

Mear's horrified mind swept back down there on the floor as he throttled the struggling little Karn. . . . and Karn's futile hands fumbling.

Mate with his terror, Mear warily stood at his spectacles as the Sergeant held them to the light. Light—stared at the print Karn had left, stared with charcoal so definitely on the little oval of bone!

His mind swept back to the present. The Sergeant was looking straight at himself on the subject of his secret

job of detecting. Mear wondered if he could rely on this temporary distraction to effect an escape. He was close to the door, and, if he remembered rightly, the key was on the other side.

It might be better to stall for a bit. "That was pretty clever of you, Sergeant. A brilliant deduction—enough to get you a promotion, provided of course you were correct. It is unfortunate for you that you are not quite correct."

The Sergeant was nettled. "You can't drag you killed Karn," he insisted. "The evidence clearly marks you the killer."

"I'll grant you that, Sergeant. It would be useless for me to deny it. But did you ever hear of self-defense, Sergeant? If I had not killed my victim he would have killed me. I was struggling for my own protection when he knocked off my glasses and put on them the argument you find so demanding to say innocent. I became overawed without my glasses, and the killing was mere or less an accident. I had only meant to hold him off."

Mear had been edging closer to the entrance. Now he was there was no time left.

"Oh, no, you're not arresting me," he exploded, and in a bound had leapt to the door and closed it behind him—before Foley and his men had realized what he was about.

As he turned the key in the lock he complimented himself that, so far, luck was on his side. He knew that Sergeant Foley could be relied upon to act very quickly, but meantime, he was one step ahead of the law.

Running out of the house, he leaped into his car, shifted the motor into life and trod hard on the accelerator, and by the time the police had managed to make an exit through the window, he was back on the wooded road, driving at high speed. It was a nuisance about the glasses. He could see lights in the rear-view mirror, but not judge the distance. Dim, dark shapes were flying past.

There was an obstruction on the road and he did not see that. The little car tumbled over three times, and then lay a heap.

The police car drove up to the wreck, and Sergeant Foley examined the body.

"He's dead, Pete. I guess you might say he got his just desserts, but I'm disappointed. I was kind of looking forward to the trial."

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Talking Points

● **COVER GIRL** Paula Hiss that did not win for Donna Dow the part of Charlotte in "Oliver Twist." Blonde blue-eyed and seventeen, Donna—who has been hailed as one of Britain's most promising young stars—earned recognition the hard way. She studied at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art from the age of 14, and the performance which gained her the academy's bronze medal also gave her her first film role—a spin's girlfriend in "The Shop at Sly Corner," and Donna has tried for a blue since then. As a flashy, flashy niece who comes home in the Huggitt household, she has the most important role of her career in "There Came the Huggitts" first at the Gaietyborough across Judaea from our cover study, still be causing plenty of havoc elsewhere.

● **CLUNE IN BROOME** Frank Clune seems to know where to find the best stories, and his trip to Broome was not disappointing. Where else would you find a door-step worth \$250, or a shell rolling about in a drug basket, when what you are looking for is a fortune in pearls? The fortune is there too. \$2500 for one pearl. Frank got a good deal of his material from New South Wales, and Ted Norman, who is a big name in the industry over there.

● **TAMMANY EPISODE** A son of Queen Victoria visited the island of Alcatraz in 1890. There was pomp and ceremony champagne and inspections, but the Duke missed the

"essential flavor of the place which consisted of intrigue, murder and slavery." Cedric Belfrage covers the colorful period in his article, "White King of Tahiti." Page 38

● **SUICIDE** If you're still trying to wrangle your tax return, or your wife has gone off with your best friend, you're probably feeling a bit tired of life. Marie J. Pearson has gone to some trouble to tell us how several people have ended their, but if you're feeling too tired to trust yourself to read her article, never fear. It takes the kind of person who plays around with fire also never does more than talk about it. So go ahead. The article is on page 3.

● **MURDER MAUSERS** They're tiny. They're pretty. But they're murderous! Kenneth Mikoyan, in the story "Vengeance Travels Fast," is the restaurant of two murderers and serves the rather in holding together his interviewing those of a crime perpetrated in a sleepy Austrian town the day Hitler caught the world under a mad spell, and caused a man to postpone his revenge.

● **REVENGE** There's what you term it when a mother-in-law so makes herself felt as not only to force a man out of his home but cause him to take on a new personality. Wilda Evans in Ammy Nichols' first story, "Joker With a Saw," did not become a forced character, but he certainly became a character. The article adds up to one of the best arguments against too much mother-in-law.



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